Photo *Ernest F. Sherie.*

THREE - NOT OUT!

"Good gracious me!
And can it be
You're only three?
Why, 'W. G.'
Would clap with glee—
(Here! mind my head!)"

"Yeth, I'm just free;
The M.C.C.
Will soon want me.
I'll Captain be;
Jus' wait and see—"
("Hi! Time for bed!")

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"IDLE MOMENTS."

From the Painting by N. Prescott Davies.

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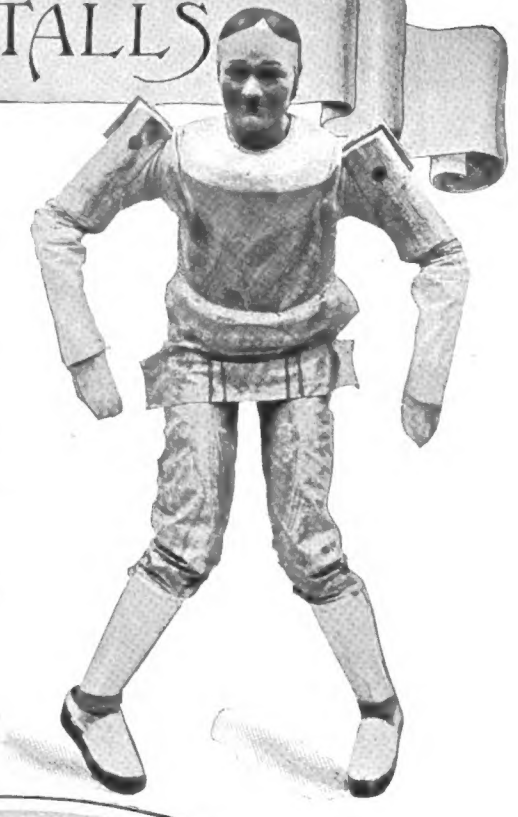
From The Stalls



WILL VOKES & ELISE CLAIRE.

Two Clever Dancers in the Empire Ballet.

Will Vokes belongs to a celebrated family of pantomimists and dancers, whose members have played for several generations, and in many theatres, all over the country.

Will Vokes and Elise Claire play a good show together as cheap wooden dolls in the beautiful ballet, "The Dancing Doll," lately put on at the Empire Theatre.

As you can see, the two clever characters are as wooden as they can be—wooden arms, wooden heads, wooden bodies, and wooden legs, and jointed at the knees, shoulders, and elbows.

Nothing could be more realistic than the way these two stiffly jerk about the stage, with great solemnity and proper regard for doll etiquette.

Photos *Biograph Studio.*

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Photo *Reutlinger.*

CALVÉ.

The Beautiful Opera Singer.

Calvé, as everyone knows, is the one great exponent of "Carmen." She is a Frenchwoman, and lives at the Castle of Cabrières, a great embattled pile built just after the Norman Conquest.

A story is told how Calvé was in America, and went to a post-office to claim a registered packet. The postal clerk refused it to her. "How do I know that you are Madame Calvé?" he said, for the beautiful singer had forgotten to bring proofs of her identity. "But, I tell you—I *am* Calvé! Well! listen, then." And Calvé established her title by her glorious voice. What better proof?

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EDITH LAMBALLE (LA SYLPHE).

A Dainty Contortionist in "My Lady Nicotine."

"My Lady Nicotine" is the name of the Alhambra ballet, representing the joys of smoking in all its forms and in all countries. Here we have a group of three dancers, "La Sylphe" at the bowl of the big meerschaum pipe, and the two Kaufmans below her.

"La Sylphe" is a wonderful girl. She is a brilliant dancer, and what is described as a contortionist. That is to say, there is practically no position into which she cannot twist her body. "La Sylphe" has been on the stage since her infancy, and has by her hard work earned a good position. Some time ago she was touring in a mixed company and the leading lady was most overbearing and insolent to the young, modest dancer, who, by the way, was earning a very big salary. But "La Sylphe" got her own back by retorting, after a particularly unkind cut from the leading lady, "Well, at any rate, I wouldn't exchange envelopes with you on treasury day"—treasury day being pay day on the stage. A clever girl, well read, who talks intelligently on subjects connected with literature.

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Photos *Biograph Studios.*

ELA Q. MAY.

A Popular Actress-Dramatist.

This little person is one of the many little girls who have sprung into fame with the popular children's plays.

Ela Q. May answered the call for the author at the first night of "Peter Pan," bowing her acknowledgments to a delighted audience.

Mr. J. M. Barrie let it be understood that the idea of the play was hers, and so—for the brilliant author is the most modest of men—he gave way to the young lady, who ran before the curtain with delight.

Ela Q. May first made her name in "Ib and Little Christina" several years ago.

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SYLVIA SABLANC.

A Pretty Parisienne.

The "Medal and the Maid" introduced Sylvia Sablanc to London and London audiences. Then she appeared, the star performer, at the opening of the Coliseum, where she represented the "Pickle Girl," singing of "Miss Chutney, of Putney," with a chorus of other pretty pickles.

Sylvia Sablanc is a Parisienne, very much a Parisienne—chic and dainty, charming to talk to, and always able to keep up her end of the conversation with plenty of wit. She is a sweet singer, and has been trained carefully in the art in Paris and Italy.

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Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

WILLIE EDOUIN.

Funniest of Comedians.

There is not a better comedian in the country than Willie Edouin. Every playgoer remembers his creation of Hilarius in "La Poupée," the phrenologist in "Florodora," and a dozen others.

"At an early age," the actor says, "chance chose a profession for me. My father went to Australia. The family had to do something, and, as we couldn't do anything, we went on the stage." An early part of Willie Edouin's was Taffy, in "Taffy was a Welshman." This was in 1854, over fifty years ago.

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Photo Lallie Charles

VIOLA TREE.

Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree's Clever Daughter.

Miss Tree has only been on the stage a year, and already she is among our best-known actresses. This is not due to her father's mighty name. Her success she owes to herself and her fascinating personality—her pretty, impressive manner; her dainty face; her small, exquisitely sweet voice; her grace; and, perhaps, also to her height. She stands over six feet!

As a little girl she was very self-willed. Once she asked her father if she might fly a kite along Sloane Street. He thought not, and to show her displeasure at his decision she promptly smashed a drawing-room window pane. Mr. Tree reproved her sternly. "I couldn't help it," replied Viola, "you see, it's hereditary." "But I never broke a w'ndow pane in my life," says her father, who tells the story.

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Photo Otto Sarony & Co.

ETHEL MATTHEWS.

A Pretty Leading Lady.

Last year Ethel Matthews toured successfully in the United States with Kyrle Bellew. Since then she has played in musical comedy.

Off the stage Ethel Matthews goes in keenly for dogs, breeding beauti ul Chows, with lovely glossy, silky coats, and perfect manners. Motoring is a pleasant pastime, the pretty actress finds, but one need not go mad over it. When the weather is cold, it is much better to stay at home in a warm room than to tear about the country in a motor and a biting wind.

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A Bobtail's Lament.

Some Episodes from the Life of an Old English Sheep-Dog.

Edited by Kate L. Stephen.

The recollections of my early days (not quite my earliest, which are wrapped in straw and oblivion, but those immediately following) are recollections of unalloyed bliss. Sleep, "melox," and scraps, varied by broth, "rodnim," and sleep, an occasional frolic, followed, when tired, by a rollicking return to the comforting warmth of the fluffiest, furriest, and most adoring of parents, summed up the total of my puppy existence.

At that early stage of my career, no hint of the terrible truth which was to darken my maturer years had fallen across my path. I lived in blissful ignorance of the cruel fact that we were not as other pups were. To me my mother was as perfect and complete as any mother could be. No softer tongue ever licked an unruly family into shape, no truer eyes ever followed her children's wanderings, no more patient temper ever bore with constant pullings, squabblings, and yelpings than hers.

And yet, in spite of a pedigree dating back to five generations, in spite of a proud record of prizes fought for and won on the bench, the meanest mongrel who ever walked this earth could point the paw of scorn at a dog without a tail!

I repeat this awful truth, this lamentable curtailment of our latter-end, had never been borne in upon me at that time. We were all alike—a happy colony of tailless dogs!

Sometimes I surprised a look of sadness in my mother's eyes as she gazed upon us, her pups, and I know now that she was sorrowfully reflecting on the days in store for us, when our deficiency would be brought home to us by the taunts and jeers of more fortunate and better-equipped dogs. But *then* we were content, supremely content, in our happy ignorance.

Never shall I forget the joy of the whole kennel when our maternal grandfather (who was especially near to us, on account of being also the favourite brother of my father's aunt, besides being related to us by various other ties, which I cannot, at the moment, remember) returned from the Kennel Club Show laden with championships and honours.

With what pride and joy we gazed upon him, setting forth in the morning, groomed, washed, and spotless, with every hair standing out with pride on his massive body! How could I tell then, what I have learnt since from his great-granddaughter's husband (whom I met by chance at a street corner many months later) that all the pleasure and enjoyment of the show were spoilt for him by the jeering sniffs and contemptuous remarks of a poodle, with a tail like a palm-tree, on the opposite bench.

In going through life, I have sometimes overheard remarks of this nature: "How thoughtful he looks!" "What sad eyes!" Ah! do you wonder our expression is thoughtful when you realise all that we have to endure from our fellow dogs in going through life?

I think I must have been about eight weeks old when I turned my back for ever upon my

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Amongst my mistress' belongings . . . I occasionally found a slipper, hat, or some trifle of the kind.

puppyhood's home. I was snatched from the bosom of my family, packed in a hamper, and hurried out into the world, before I had had time to give a parting lick to any of my relatives, or to receive a word of advice or warning from my mother as to all that lay before me in the world.

My recollections of my first journey are dim, but painful, even now. A terrible noise, and jolting from side to side of the hamper, in which I had been ignominiously packed; hours of dreary imprisonment with a continuous thunderstorm going on about me, longings for home and food, varied by feelings of nausea and hatred of all dogkind, followed by a last terrific bump, which shattered my nerves for many a long day; and then daylight, and a voice breathing words of endearment and welcome into my motherless ears!

How proud I felt at that moment to be likened to "a dear little fluffy bear," never suspecting, or thinking, where the resemblance lay!

It was the next morning, when I was introduced to Nero, the Newfoundland, who lived in the stable-yard, that a suspicion of the dreadful truth flashed upon me.

He was a large-minded fellow, and would have scorned to hurt the feelings of a pup; and after the first sensation of awe inspired by his size and presence, and a momentary shyness, I ran joyfully to him, feeling sure that I had found a friend in my loneliness.

He sniffed me over, as I thought with approval; and then as he inspected me more closely I caught a light of surprised amusement on his face, and, at the same moment, he turned away that I might not see the smile which he could not altogether suppress.

Then, in a moment, the hideous truth flashed upon me, as I saw the wag of a long, feather-like appendage behind him, and my puppy mind was filled with envy unspeakable! Never shall I forget that vision, or the feeling of dull resentment against Fate which filled my heart and brain from that day forward.

To give Nero his due, he seldom by word or look reminded me of my loss, and he even bore with my childish efforts to pull off his tail, in my frenzied desire to render him even as I was myself. But it was Tatters, the coachman's dog, a yapping, miserable cur, with a tail like a corkscrew, who darkened my puppy days with his constant taunts and heartless reminders.

It was the kitchen cat, Tatters' pet aversion, who suggested to me that my tail might be hidden in the house or garden. I can afford to smile sadly now at the recollection of the hours I have spent in fruitless search under rose trees, and amongst the pansies and geraniums, and even, when I got the chance, amongst my mistress' belongings, where I occasionally found a slipper, hat, or some trifle of the kind, with which I was able to pass the time, and so forget for a while the object of my search.

My lot was cast now in the country, and except for a constant sense of my incompleteness, my days passed happily enough. I was told that my real vocation in life was the care of sheep; but this fact was not impressed upon my mind till one day I met a flock of sheep in my wanderings. At sight of me they stopped with one accord, and gazed upon me, baaing remarks in a low tone to one another as they did so.

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Then, seeing that I was at a loss to understand their meaning, they turned away from me and proceeded on their way, giving vent to hoarse giggles and laughs of disdain at my expense, while I longed, as I never longed before, for a tail to put between my legs, that I might run home and forget them.

In my early youth I had often seen the skins of sheep ornamenting butchers' shops in the street where I was born. (I remember them well, for the sight and smell of a butcher's shop has always possessed peculiar attractions for me.) But I had passed those skins without any feeling of self-consciousness and without turning a hair. But now the sight of a whole flock of filled and moving sheepskins, over which I, a sheepdog born and bred, had no authority or control, made every hair on my body bristle with shame and remorse!

How I envied the untidy, shabby dog, who walked beside them, muddy and uncared for as he was, barking out his orders as he hurried them along, for then, alas! I realised that the only way to forget the cruel trick which Nature had played, was to devote our lives and talents to the discharge of the duties for which we were intended. It fills me with sadness even now to think how many of my friends and relations have never been on speaking terms with a sheep; but when I muse upon this fact and discuss it with my comrades, I am told that we are becoming "fashionable," and that many people like us as companions.*

This is strange, but it may be that human beings are drawn to us by the fact that they, like us, are tailless. Anyhow, and whatever may be the reason which binds us together, there is one person belonging to me for whom I would give up my choicest bone, and who, if need be, I would follow to the world's end. And yet I sometimes feel that even *she* does not always understand or realise the full depth of my affection for her; there are times when she (all unwittingly, I know) wounds my feelings sorely.

Often and often have I watched her starting for a walk, leaving me sad and lonely in my kennel, with only a careless word of farewell. Of course, she cannot know how I am longing to be always with her. After all, she is only human, and one must not expect her to have the intelligence and heart of a sheepdog!

Nevertheless, it is my love for her which prevents my thoughts from dwelling overmuch on my life's sorrow, which brightens and gladdens my lot, so that, when other dogs pass me by with a taunt and a sneer, I can run to her and laugh at the hang of their tails (while secretly I am consumed with envy), and she pats me on the head and laughs with me, understanding my feelings all the while, as no one else can do.

From the first moment that I came out into the world, she has been the guiding light of my existence. Hers was the voice that fell like music on my ear when I first stepped out of that never-to-be-forgotten hamper and opened my eyes upon my new surroundings. It was her kisses and caresses that brought solace to my puppy heart when I was feeling lonely and forsaken. From the moment that her arms enfolded me, my heart went out to her with a devotion which nothing has ever lessened, and the sound of her voice kindled into life a love which has grown and strengthened with the passing years.

I have many friends among my two-legged acquaintances. I have a great partiality for the cook, and I usually exchange pleasantries and bones with the butcher-boy (with whom Tatters is not on speaking terms). In fact, in the whole course of my life, the only two enemies I have ever made are Tatters and the baker, but, in spite of the good fellowship which exists between myself and all my human friends, the foremost place in my heart is reserved for *her*, for though my friendship may be shared by many, my *love* is reserved for one alone.

The strained relations existing between the baker and myself were not of my creating; when I first made his acquaintance, and while I was too young to forcibly resent his behaviour, he had an unpleasant habit of repelling my advances by thrusting a basket in my face. This treatment I was compelled to endure in my puppy days, but as soon as I had attained to a reasonable age and size, I revenged myself upon him for former insults, by forbidding him to approach the back door, and, finding that all my loud and forcible protests were disregarded, I have, on more than one occasion, seized him by the leg, and made my presence felt as well as heard.

To the credit of mankind in general, I must, in fairness, state that I seldom have to have recourse to this treatment in my dealings with them. I generally feel it incumbent upon me to resent anyone speaking to my mistress

* This cannot be, as I understand from the advertisement columns of our daily papers that the only attributes essential to a "companion" are a capacity to arrange flowers, and to be willing to travel, to neither of which attributes can a sheepdog lay claim.—EDITOR.

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when I am with her. There are certain people whom I distrust and with whom I do not wish her to associate, and when anyone of this kind approaches I explain my views to them in forcible language; and if they pretend to misunderstand my meaning, I raise my upper lip just sufficiently to show what is underneath, and this, I have learnt by experience, is a most effectual way of ridding oneself of undesirable acquaintances.

For this performance I am sometimes patted and told I am a "good dog," or a "dear old fellow," as the case may be; while another time, with that inconsistency which is so marked a feature of human nature, I am sternly reproved and told to "Lie down," in a tone which admits of no contradiction.

Though I feel sure she returns my devotion as far as her poor human capacity for loving goes, still there are times when I feel that there is another love in her heart, which outrivals her affection for me. I try to shut my eyes to this fact, and, when we are alone together, it seems impossible that any mere human affection on her part can come between us.

But often, when we have spent a long and blissful day together, the evening brings the return of a third person, who spoils our companionship with his presence. I try to endure this for her sake, and, when I hear his step on the drive, and see her raise her head with a look of gladness in her eyes at his coming, I bark with joy to show that I am willing to share her pleasure, and run to welcome him and lick his hand, for which I am generally rewarded with a kind word and a pat of greeting.

He and I have always been good friends, and I am often glad enough of his company when circumstances deprive me of the society of the one I love best. But there are times when she tries my feelings sorely by talking to him for hours together without paying the smallest attention to me. On these occasions I do all that I can to attract her attention. (I often find that a vigorous scratching will have the desired effect when every other means has failed. But this sometimes brings about my sudden dismissal from the room, which defeats its own end, and is not what I wanted; so I am obliged to be careful.)

None of her friends love her as I do. I notice that they are content to leave her for hours together, and even when they are with her they often sit at the opposite side of the room, while I, were I in their place, would never let her out of my sight for a moment, and when she allows me to be with her I always sit as close to her as I possibly can.

There was a sad time in my life when our companionship seemed to be threatened, and, for a while, a shadow fell between us. For many days and weeks she never came near me, and every day I waited and longed for her in vain. But when at last she did appear once more, I found her neglect of me explained by the fact that she had started a new

The strained relations existing between the baker and myself were not of my creating.

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favourite during her absence, a puny, little, red-faced creature, uglier than any puppy I had ever seen, who whined continually, and was so enveloped in a mass of clothes that he would have found it impossible to run and gambol like other young things even if he had had the sense or inclination to do so.

I am ashamed to confess now how I hated that new favourite of hers, or how my heart was consumed with jealousy, as I watched her lavishing the kisses and caresses on him which would have been so much better bestowed elsewhere. I think if I had known then for how short a time this new rival in her affections was to come between us, I should have been more reasonable, for the time very soon came, as he developed from being a mere bundle of clothes into a fat, dimpled, rosy-faced human baby, that I learnt to share her affection for him, and should hardly have cared to confess how I loved to feel his chubby fingers tugging at my coat, or his downy head pressed against me as I lay beside him on the hearthrug.

How long we had had him with us I cannot remember, when he suddenly and quietly disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

Even now, many months afterwards, I can remember the silence and desolation of that darkened and silent house. I did not understand then what it meant, as I wandered from one empty room to another looking for my dear one, and listening for the toddling footsteps of my baby playmate.

Day after day I waited, neglected and uncared for, listening for the voice I loved. Sometimes I saw her flitting noiselessly from room to room, but, for the first time in my life, she passed me by without appearing to notice me, and, when I tried to attract her attention, by putting my cold nose against her hand, she pushed me aside, and went on her way, forgetting that human hearts are not the only ones that are broken by neglect.

How I longed to comfort her and make her understand my love, but it seemed as though she had ceased to care what became of me, and when I tried to read what was written on that pale, sad face, I felt that there are some things that even the brain of a sheepdog cannot fathom.

For weeks I kept beside her, yearning for the time when this dreadful barrier between us should be broken down, but in all that time she scarcely noticed me, or showed, by word or sign, that she realised my presence.

It was a simple thing at last that brought her back to me, and made me understand much that had seemed strange to me before. I had picked up a woolly lamb in the garden which my rival had thrown from his mail-cart the last day that he and I had been together several weeks before.

It was draggled and spoilt by the rain, but I had noticed that she had lately seemed to have a strange and unaccountable fondness for all sorts of old and broken toys, and would pick up a bent tin soldier, or a headless monkey, as tenderly and lovingly as she had carried my rival in the days when I had first resented his coming. So, thinking to please her, I brought my shabby offering and laid it at her feet.

Then a strange thing happened. She stooped and picked up the poor, dirty lamb and pressed it to her lips, and a great cry broke from her which it made my heart ache to hear. And when I stood up and put my paws on her shoulders to comfort her, instead of pushing me aside as she had often done of late, she threw her arms round me, and, as she laid her head against my neck, I could feel the great shuddering sobs that shook her, and my coat was wet with her tears.

I tried hard to tell her how I was yearning to comfort her in a sorrow that I could not altogether understand, but, though I think she understood all I was longing to tell her, I began at last to learn that even the love of a sheepdog is unavailing to heal a broken heart.

Since then we have seldom been parted. I have sometimes fancied that the remembrance of that day has helped to make her love for me grow stronger and to bind us closer together. When I remember her tears, I begin to realise that the love of human beings is, after all, greater than I had believed possible, and my own sorrow sinks into insignificance in the contemplation of hers.

Before I close this tale of a tailless dog, I cannot resist relating the downfall of Tatters, my bitterest foe.

From the first moment that I had set paw in my new home, Tatters had tried to render my life miserable with his constant jeers and satirical remarks respecting my missing appendage.

I have never been a quarrelsome dog, and though I have no objection to a good, honest fight, if occasion offers, this constant ill-will and snarling had tried my temper sorely.

My only confidant was the kitchen cat, for Nero though, as I have said, a dog of broad views and of no mean intellect, had always a sneaking fondness for Tatters.

Though he could afford to be generous to me, being so well endowed with all that I lacked, I felt he never quite regarded me as

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Such a poor, muddy, miserable-looking cur, I hardly knew him for the moment.

an equal. In spite of his efforts to avoid getting a back or side view of my person, I often surprised a smile on his face when I had been trying to show my appreciation of some specially good joke, or some choice morsel, by wagging the absurd apology with which Nature had endowed me.

However, the day came when the cat and I could afford to be generous to our discomfited foe.

Tatters had always evinced a considerable interest in any stray rabbit that found its way into our grounds, and it was his fondness for thrusting himself into every rabbit-hole he came across that had induced a puppy delusion in my infant brain that my missing tail lay secreted in one of the numerous tunnels, and that Tatters' object was to find it, or prevent my doing so.

But the day came when the sporting instinct in Tatters cost him dear. There was a great hue-and-cry raised one morning that Tatters was missing; the coachman, the groom, the gardener were calling and whistling in vain.

I fancy Nero could have afforded some information as to his whereabouts had he chosen to do so, but Nero was always loyal to his friends, and this, though I do not wish to praise myself unduly, was a trait which I think we shared in common. Anyhow, the day passed with no news of the prodigal.

It must have been getting late, for we had had our evening meal, when we heard a pitiful voice, which we scarcely recognised as his —and creeping into the stable-yard came Tatters.

Such a poor, muddy, miserable-looking cur, I hardly knew him for the moment. He never vouchsafed so much as a snarl as he passed me on his way to his kennel, but, as he turned his back to me, I began to understand, for—wonder of wonders!—gone was the corkscrew tail, which had often been waved defiantly in my face. In its place was only a bleeding stump, which was all the poor fellow had been able to save from the trap by which it had been ruthlessly caught.

For the moment I forgot my wrongs, and turned away from the sight with a feeling of sorrow in my heart for his suffering and loss. But the kitchen cat, who is rather lacking in nice feeling, could not disguise her triumph, and said, with a purr and tail erect, as she walked off towards the house: "A bobtail sheepdog I can endure, but a bobtail terrier, NEVER!"

So, gentle reader, in conclusion, if you, like others, are inclined to sneer at a dog without a tail, or to despise those whom Fate and fashion have deprived of their vocation, let me advise you to take a lesson from the kitchen cat, who purringly says:

"After all, we are but as Providence made us, and it is impossible to miss what one has never had."

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As soon as the campers have risen in the morning, the flaps of the tent should be tied up all round, to allow as free ventilation as possible Later, when the sun has dispersed the dew, all rugs and blankets should be placed outside to air.

HOW TO CAMP OUT.

Advice and Suggestions to Those About to Spend a Holiday Under Canvas.

By Sidney Mattingly.

There are exactly two ways of camping out—and when you make up your mind to spend a week or a fortnight or longer under canvas you will have to decide to make your arrangements on one of the two systems: either you must determine to leave behind nothing that you can take with you, or else to take with you nothing that you can leave behind.

Both methods have their drawbacks. I know of a party of men who went camping last year with five tents, three servants, and a pantechnicon-van full of luggage. I am not sure whether they had a piano—probably not—but I hear that there was a good deal of grumbling because the outfit had not included a marquee and a billiard-table. I am sorry to have to record, too, that they slept on collapsible bedsteads, and had clean plates for their pudding.

I also know another party who went camping on the second plan. Their supplies included half-a-dozen bars of soap, but their friends declared, on their return home, that they could not possibly have found any use for it.

So, apparently, you are bound to make some mistake whichever plan you follow; but of the two systems I recommend the second.

If you want your shaving-water brought up at 8.30 precisely, if you cannot make shift with bread and cheese, if your steak gets accidentally burnt to a cinder, and, above all, if you cannot turn to and do things for yourself, a camping-out holiday is not what you want. A boarding-house at Brighton (two guineas a week, no extras) will be more in your line.

If, on the other hand, you are prepared to rough it, to cook your own breakfast, to fetch your own water, and do your share of the odd jobs that have to be done in camp, no holiday that you could take will be more enjoyable than one spent under canvas; and it will be tremendously beneficial as well, for

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The tent as it should be left during the day in fine weather. If plenty of air is not allowed inside, it becomes unbearably hot when the sun is up.

it affords an absolute change from the ordinary mode of present-day living.

Although camping is a summer pastime, it does not follow, unfortunately, that it is always attended with summer weather. An English summer may be all that can be desired from an open-air life point of view. On the other hand, it may be so like one long February, that you can't tell the difference.

One thing is certain—if you camp out, you have to make up your mind to take the wet with the dry.

I had one peculiarly bad experience of what an English summer can do in the way of rain. I was under canvas during what I truly believe to have been the wettest weeks in 1903, the record wet year. It was never fine for more than about half-an-hour at a time for days on end; twice we were practically flooded out, and the tent, rugs, baggage, and provisions were soaked time after time. Even the caraway seeds in a seed-cake we had brought started to sprout. Nevertheless, the whole party contrived to keep cheerful; lumbago, influenza, and numerous other complaints that we were promised by despairing friends and relatives passed us by, and not one of the party was a bit the worse for what must have been one of the wettest holidays on record.

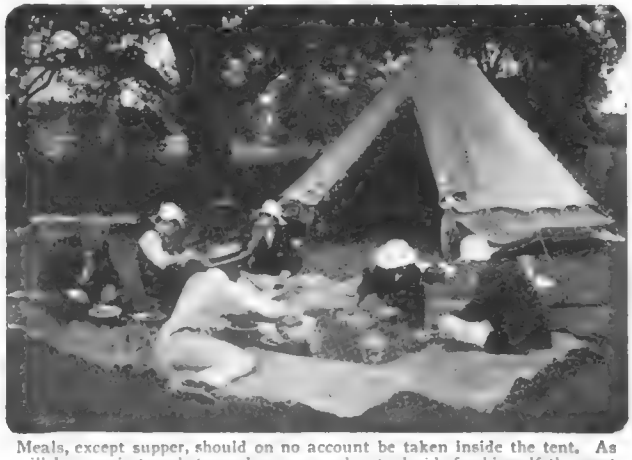
The following advice will, I hope, be of service to many who have never yet camped out, but may yet do so; and perhaps even old hands may find a few "tips" worth knowing.

The best number for a camping party is four, five, or six, and the best accommodation for them is an ordinary Army bell-tent—which can be bought outright for about 30s., or else hired at quite a moderate price. It is easily put up, easily taken down, and it packs up into a very small space.

With the tent you should get some waterproof rugs—one for each camper. It is not worth while catching rheumatism, and the rugs can be bought with the tent for about two shillings each.

Having got together your party and bought your tent, there comes the question of your choice of a camping ground. In this matter, of course, everybody must be a law unto himself; but it is a great thing to pitch your tent, if possible, near water—sea, river, or lake. Perhaps of the three, a river is the most to be desired, for, of course, you will have a boat, and it will be easy for you to move your camp up or down stream, according to circumstances; and it provides the camper with occupation for his idle hours.

If you are a fisherman, it will add vastly to the pleasure of your holiday to catch—or even try to catch—one of the five-pound



Meals, except supper, should on no account be taken inside the tent. As will be seen in t e photograph, everyone has to decide for himself the most comfortable attitude for dining without chairs and tables.

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bream that the local anglers talk about; or to tempt one of the great pike that they tell of with bated breath in the bar-parlour of the village inn.

The river has other uses too. You will always be wanting water for washing up; and it is an enormous saving of time and trouble if you have an unlimited supply close at hand. Besides—in spite of what I said about the soap—it is pleasant for the campers themselves to have a wash sometimes. And if, near your camp, there is a deep pool, clear of weeds and with a good take-off for a header, you will find a wonderful appetite therein for the worst-cooked breakfast.

For those that feel the lack of chairs very sorely, this is a good idea. If two persons lean against each other, back to back, they will find themselves by no means uncomfortable.

One other use for a river—as a looking-glass. If ever you are expecting visitors, or for any other reason desire to shave, all you have to do is to moor your boat, lather your chin, lean over the side, and on a calm day you will see yourself as clearly reflected in the water as in a genuine looking-glass.

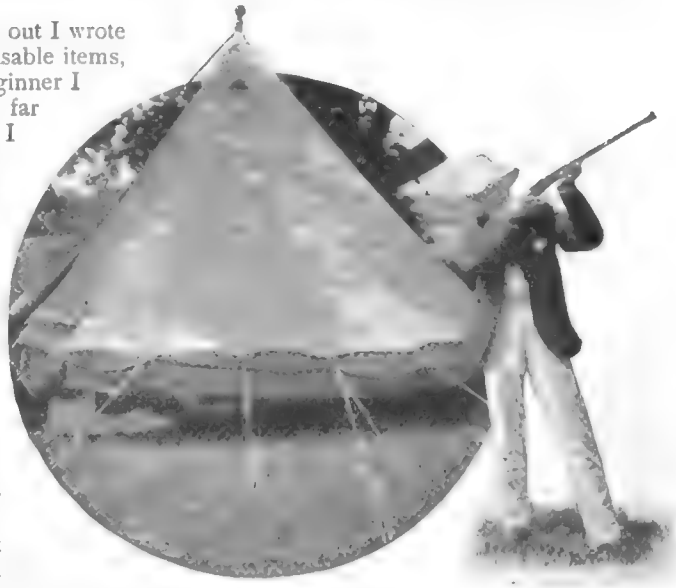
It is well, some weeks before starting on a camping holiday, to begin preparing a list of things you must take with you. If you leave it till the last day or two, important and most-needed things are certain to be left behind.

The first time I ever camped out I wrote out beforehand a list of indispensable items, with the greatest care. For a beginner I was fairly successful; in fact, so far as I remember, the only thing I forgot was the tent pole. It was nearly dark before we arrived at our camping-ground, and quite dark by the time we realised that the indispensable pole had been left behind. As a tent is very little use without a pole we slept in a barn that night; and the rest of the party made unpleasant remarks about my oversight for the rest of the trip. I am more careful now.

A large wardrobe is not necessary when under canvas. Old cricketing flannels are the most comfortable things I know, but they are run close by pyjamas, which are at once comfortable, cool, and decorous. Occasionally people are scandalised if one parades the village street in them, but it is a prejudice that soon passes.

If you are lucky, there will be a post-office fairly near, or, at any rate, a rural postman will pass within easy distance of your tent. The letter-bag is one of the few bits of civilisation that can be tolerated by campers. Of course, you cannot be expected to reply to the letters you receive, or to take half the well-meant advice they contain. All the same, the arrival of the morning post will be one of the day's chief excitements; it makes it possible for one to enter into the feeling of the Klondyke miner when he gets his quarterly mail.

Enough—but not too many—cups, plates, spoons, forks, and knives must, of course, be included in the camp outfit; a saucepan, a kettle, a frying-pan, will all be wanted; other indispensable items—many of them easily overlooked—are a stock of candles, a lantern, pepper and salt—which should be kept in tins—string, pencils and writing paper, envelopes and stamps, soap, a corkscrew, a cookery-book—and plenty more. But as the wants of every camping party differ in some par-



An improvement on a dinner bell or gong is a saloon rifle; the sound carries further, and the rifle comes in useful for other things.

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When camping out, don't write more letters than you can help; but if you must write, an excellent writing desk is made out of a box, or hamper. Candles stuck in the necks of bottles do instead of electric light.

ticulars from those of every other, everyone must make out his own list, and if anything is omitted, well, he is the sufferer. Presumably, no one will be so foolish as to forget to take a liberal supply of his own particular weakness in tobacco and cigarettes.

When you camp out, let it be far from newspaper shops. When a friend does arrive with a paper it will be doubly welcome.

And now for the food question. It is well to take a good supply of things that will keep—such as tea, coffee, sugar, two or three tins of condensed milk, cheese, jam and marmalade, a few tins of preserved meat, and so on. For other provisions—bread, butter, eggs, bacon, fresh milk, and so on, you can safely depend on finding a farmhouse near; and you can generally get someone to cook you a pair of chickens or a leg of mutton when you need them.

If you choose as your camping ground some really out-of-the-way spot, a camping party will very likely be a novelty to the inhabitants. You will find your tent and yourselves objects of no little interest, and the village children will come and watch you for hours on end, seeming to derive as much entertainment as from a "Punch and Judy" show. If news is scarce, the nearest local paper may send a reporter over to interview you; and your names, all spelt wrong, fortunately, may appear in cold print. The village patriarch will stop you in the village street, and recommend the application of his pet remedy for the "rheumatics" which are sure to follow on "sleeping out of doors"—which is a form of foolishness he can neither understand nor excuse.

The camper out need never be at a loss for want of occupations to fill his day. To begin with, somebody has to cook the breakfast, or try to cook it. If one member of the party is found to possess a highly-developed culinary instinct, he may perhaps be induced to take the job on as a permanency; if not, you must take it in turns.

For breakfast, quite a number of "tasty dishes" are within the reach of the merest novice. Here the cookery-book will come in useful. Eggs in various forms, scrambled, boiled (this is especially easy), poached or fried with bacon, will, no doubt, form the staple dish at breakfast; elaborate dishes are not to be encouraged—they breed bad temper on the part of the cook, and indigestion on the part of the consumers.

After breakfast, all the rugs, blankets, and—if you have any—sleeping-bags should be brought from the tent into the open to be aired; and the flaps of the tent should be tied up all round to allow the freest possible ventilation. A tent is one of the hottest places on earth on a hot day, and plenty of air is a necessity.

We now come to the

With regard to washing up, first of all persuade someone else to do it. A good plan when washing greasy plates is to rub them with a mixture of sand and water.

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burning question of washing up. It is really the worst part of camping out, because after the first day nobody wants to do it. You can always arrange that it shall pass round to everybody in turn; but I have known men, absolutely blameless in other respects, resort to the lowest deceits to escape washing greasy plates.

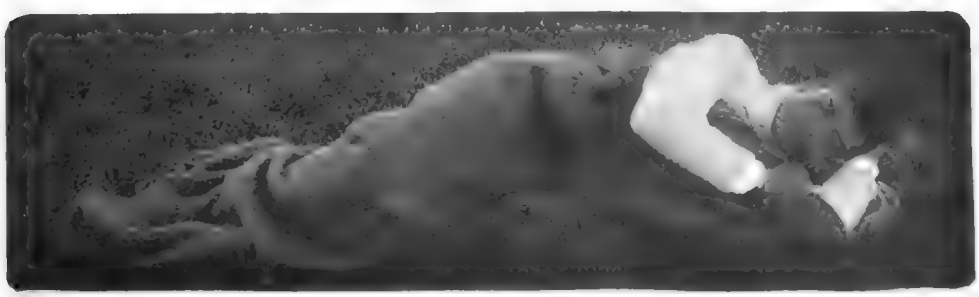
I was once a member of a camping party which was rent by the most frightful dissensions over this simple question. There was finally a universal strike, and for two whole days we lived on bread and cheese and beer, while the whole available stock of crockery lay waiting to be washed outside the back door—I mean, behind the tent. The difficulty was finally solved by the hiring of a housemaid, in the form of a small boy, promptly christened "Little Mary."

There are several devices for cleaning greasy plates, and dishes, and frying-pans. Mere cold water will never get them clean. The best plan I know of is to rub them with a mixture of sandy soil and water, and afterwards rinse them in the river.

When lunch time comes, everyone is recommended to help himself to what he wants; and to postpone the big meal of the day until evening. It is simpler—because people never seem to get hungry at the same hour—besides, it lessens the washing up.

Some campers prefer to grow a beard, but if you must shave, a portmanteau strap comes in handy as a razor strop; and by leaning over the side of a boat, or even the river bank, you can make the river do service as a mirror.

The evening meal should be a substantial one; and if you cannot finish up with coffee and liqueurs, you may persuade one of the party to make something which he calls coffee, and which, if you are lucky, may bear some resemblance to the real thing. The best way to make coffee is to use about a quarter of one of the ordinary pound tins to about a quart of water. The latter should be as near boiling as possible. Coffee made on this system is rather muddy, and is improved by being strained through a piece of muslin. After supper, conversation and cigarettes and pipes will be the order of the evening. If you are lucky, you may find that a sort of village whist club has its headquarters at the nearest village inn; and if so, a few blameless hands at cards, pleasantly interspersed with local gossip and anecdote, will be a fitting wind-up to the day. Or perhaps a final stroll by the river or a moonlight row tempts one or two of the party; but fresh air is a wonderful opiate, and before long, every camper will be rolled up in his blankets, his head pillowed on the handiest and softest things he can find. Conversation will grow less, pipes go out, silence reigns supreme, and so the camp falls asleep.



Sleeping bags are handy things, and very useful to wrap oneself up in during a mid-day nap in the open, and exceedingly comfortable at night.

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"WE ALL HELP AT THE GUILDHALL"

The Story of a Thief, a Girl, and a Dance.

By James Barr.

The gate stood open, the door stood open. The hour was half-past eleven, the morning glorious, and September at her best. The gate stood open, the door stood open.

Derwent stopped short and cast one searching glance round. Satisfied that no one watched him, he gazed into the hall, breaking into a good-natured chuckle as he did so. On the hat-rack hung a coat of exquisite build. Derwent stepped quickly in, took the overcoat from the peg and threw it over his arm, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was on the pavement again. Laughing to himself, he made his way to Turnham Green Station and booked first-class to Charing Cross.

In the privacy of the compartment Derwent flung the coat upon the seat, and sitting down, proceeded to examine the pockets of his newly-acquired garment. These proved to be empty excepting only the inside one. From this he drew forth a gorgeous thing which, on examination, turned out to be no less a matter than an invitation for that very evening to a reception at the Guildhall. The Lord Mayor, supported by lesser dignitaries of the City of London, requested the presence of the representative of the *Daily Gazette*. Derwent took off his silk hat and ran the palm of his hand over hair as black and as shiny as the nap of the hat he had removed.

"The Guildhall!" he laughed. "The ancient, honourable, prehistoric Guildhall! Well, well, well! Members of my excellent guild have had their presence exacted at the Guildhall before to-day. They were presented to the Lord Mayor, and, yes, they were led a pretty dance. It is quite time our guild, much more ancient than any in London town, whatever may be thought of its virtues, had its turn to call the music and let others do the dancing."

Derwent was not yet thirty years old, a man of magnificent stature and unconquerable good humour, lusty and full of laughter, yet a thief. His *forte*, he knew, was burglary pure and simple, but of an ambitious order; all his jobs were well planned in carefully selected places, and he saw to it that each insured a substantial reward so that the necessity for frequent burglaries was obviated.

Right well he knew that each stroke of business carried its individual dangers, and that the danger was as great whether the reward were little or big. Although he never ceased to laugh at himself, these impulses compelling him to commit trivial robberies frightened him, yet always he found himself unable to refrain when the throes of cupidity seized upon him. Hitherto all his doings had been successful; he was not so much as a suspect, but he dreaded the little things and laughed.

Charing Cross reached, Derwent made smartly up Villiers Street, swung to his right into the Strand, passed St. Mary-le-Strand Church, and, turning to his left, stepped through a gateway into Clement's Inn. A

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lift sped him to the third floor of one of the buildings, a thin steel key admitted him to cosy chambers. He tossed the stolen overcoat lightly upon the table before him.

"Confound you, what am I to do with you now that I have you?" he laughed. "You do not stay in these diggings, that's as certain as that flamingoes do not wear Wellington boots. Out you go, but how? I can't pitch you out of the window as I would like to do. I can't dispose of you in pawn or second-hand shop without running ten thousand times the risk you are worth. I can't burn you without attracting the attention of everyone possessed of a nose. Now, what am I to do with you? Answer me that, if you please."

Derwent's rule was that nothing illegally come by remained in his rooms one night; indeed, seldom did the proceeds of a theft so much as enter the place. He was known in the Inn as a young Australian, with a competency small but sufficient for one of such an exuberant disposition and well ordered life. He took pride in entertaining those friends he had made, most of whom occupied chambers in the surrounding buildings of the Inn. Of necessity, therefore, his rooms were furnished with legitimate things purchased with the proceeds of illegitimately procured things. As he stood there gazing at the coat an idea flashed across his brain.

"Give it to charity! Charities fatten on inconveniences. Now it is the millionaire's millions; again it is the thief's superfluous overcoats. You go to charity, my bright and beautiful coat, and may you do good."

He seized a sheet of plain paper, and with his left hand, which penned quite a different character than his right, he wrote: "From one who loves the poor." Placing this in a pocket he did up the coat in brown paper, and addressing a label, "Salvation Army Headquarters, Victoria Street, E.C.," made his way through the back streets till he came to Holborn. Here he hailed the first Carter Paterson van that passed, and parted with the parcel and a shilling. Strolling back to his chambers he mused:

"That overcoat's account is now open. It is debtor to one shilling in cash and a certain indefinite risk to me, and creditor to one invitation to a Lord Mayor's reception. At the moment I do not know but that the balance is on the wrong side of the ledger, for a shilling is a shilling, but what a Lord Mayor's invitation may be is quite uncertain. I'll see how the account tots up later."

Seated once more in his rooms, his thoughts occupied themselves with the prospects of the night.

"What does the name of the Guildhall bring to my mind? First and foremost visions of City cheer, visions of City excess, visions of affluence, not without a tinge of vulgar flaunting, but real affluence nevertheless, an excess of display, yet the display genuine. Over the West End there broods a fog-like suspicion of paste; in the City diamonds are diamonds. May the gods ever bless the genuine and vulgar in preference to the spurious and refined, say I. There will be jewels at the Guildhall on fat wives." He rubbed his hands together and chuckled. "There will be gems unnumbered, and I am to be there."

When the time came for him to take cab for the Guildhall he stood forth dressed in irreproachable style. His instructions to his tailor had been: "Make 'em fit like to a convolvulus in æstivation," and the tailor, who knew not botany, answered: "I'll see to that, sir"; and proceeded to see to it. No coarse term of hard labour had scaled Derwent's hands; his cheeks were ruddy from such good living and good nature, and his expression frank yet humorous.

Arriving at the Guildhall, Derwent, to his relief, found it was unnecessary to be announced. Why the thought of having his name bawled out by a liveried flunkey alarmed him he could not tell, but sure the thought did. "It would be much like having it shouted out at the Old Bailey," he said to himself. He gave up the stolen invitation to a most polite attendant; he left his overcoat and hat in the cloakroom, and without more ado entered a large reception-room.

A queue of people, aglow with the glory of their distinction, shuffled and sagged towards a daïs whereon was the Lord Mayor of London, a delightfully dignified elderly gentleman, in all his splendour. Derwent saw that presentation was optional, and he elected to forego the honour. He stood among a crowd of onlookers, his hands shoved deep in his pockets, and he chuckled. "This is better than a pantomime, for here the fairy godmothers are real, although the majority of them seem to weigh fifteen stone."

Derwent ran his eye along the queue. Such well-fed people! So self-satisfied, so complacent, so healthy, so well groomed! "This is indeed the City," he said to himself. "The City rich in fleshpots." Gems sparkled and scintillated; the queue glistened like a terrestrial Milky Way. The tips of Derwent's fingers tingled until he was forced to dig them

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into the palms of his hands. After some ten minutes of this he turned to explore.

In three large rooms Derwent found gay throngs already hard at dancing to the music of bands. The floors were crowded with the dancers, yet so great was the number of guests that many couples lined the walls or strolled about as he was doing. On everyone Derwent beamed good-naturedly. In another room he found a concert in progress, and in still other rooms guests sauntered about examining the pictures which the City has had the taste to acquire through many days.

He descended into the crypt, and there came upon a spacious refreshment bar, where even at this early hour men were taking their wine. After a glass of champagne he strolled back to one of the ball-rooms, and taking up a favourable position, watched the dancers float past to the tintinnabulation of a triangle. Occasionally a more than attractive face or figure witched his glances, but only for a second. His eyes were for the gems. It seemed to him that the music accentuated their brilliancy.

On a sudden Derwent found himself confronted by an elderly gentleman who wore a gorgeous chain of office about his neck and down his bosom. The newcomer's face glowed with complacent prosperity; one could tell at a glance that the gilded distinction was good in his eyes. Smiling genially he said:

"I see you are not dancing."

"No, unfortunately," Derwent answered in his pleasantest tones.

"Too bad, too bad. Young man like you! When I was your age! Ah!"

They both laughed.

"I do dance, you know, and I like it, but the fact is I do not know a soul here, so am rather out of it as far as getting partners is concerned."

"We'll soon put that right for you, my boy, we'll soon put that right. May I ask your name?"

"Cunningham," promptly answered Derwent, this being the name he always gave when transacting business that could not be considered altogether above suspicion.

"Cunningham? I know the name. Are you——"

"I am a writer of stories," interrupted the unblushing Derwent, the Press invitation which had admitted him unwittingly influencing him in his sudden necessity of choosing a profession.

"An author? Quite a famous calling, quite an honourable calling, I am sure. Why, I see some of 'em have been getting knighted along with the best of our sheriffs, they have, indeed."

"Oh, some of us manage to get into reasonably good company on occasions. I am here, for instance."

"And I'm glad you're here." The citizen placed his fat hand on the young man's arm. "And I'm glad I'm here, for I think I can put you in the way of finding a partner or two. My daughter—we all help at the Guildhall, you must know—my daughter may be able to give you a turn or two, and perhaps pass you on, if I may use such a term. My name is Constable, not on the force, if you please"—he laughed heartily at a many-times-proved joke—"John Constable, not unknown in the City. We all help at the Guildhall. We try to make our guests comfortable and happy while they are with us, for we of the Guildhall are a happy family."

In a conspicuous corner of one of the ball-rooms sat a group of City dames radiating satisfaction abroad, and gorgeously attired. Towards this group Mr. Constable made his way, followed by Derwent, delighting in the adventure; and soon the handsome rascal found himself being introduced to comfortable-looking Mrs. Constable as "Mr. Cunningham, the well-known author, my dear."

The good lady distinctly remembered reading one of Mr. Cunningham's novels, and of enjoying it so much; but, unfortunately, for the moment, the title had slipped her memory. Turning in unison with his host, Derwent found himself face to face with a girl whose beauty fairly took his breath away. She was tall, almost as tall as Derwent himself, so tall, indeed, that it was only her perfect proportions which saved her from appearing ungainly. Health glowed upon her cheeks, her jet black hair rolled in one brilliant billow from her tall, white forehead; her eyes sparkled with animation, and she stood there with a well-balanced poise which the young man likened to a hockey attitude. A partner in the waltz then being danced bowed himself into oblivion, evidently having reached the limit of his stamina, while the girl was still fresh and eager.

"Mr. Cunningham, my daughter. Lucy, dear, just in time to meet Mr. Cunningham, the famous author."

Derwent was smitten at a glance. He dearly loved the flourishing and buoyant.

"I hope I am not too late for a dance, Miss Constable. I can believe that every gentleman present has sought the honour."

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"My programme is full," replied the girl in very matter-of-fact tones, but the glance she flashed at Derwent told him that his compliment had not passed unnoticed.

"Let me see your card, Lucy, dear. Let me run my eye over it. I promised to fix you up, Mr. Cunningham, and fix you up I shall. Who is 'S. C.'?"

"Mr. Collins, father."

"What! Collins? Where is he? I'll talk to him like a Dutch uncle. Off he goes, and I'll stand him a glass of champagne while you two are having his dance. Write your name in this place, Mr. Cunningham. Write it in full, for I know Lucy will be proud to have your autograph. Good of me? Not a bit of it. I'm here to make matters pleasant for strangers, We all help at the Guildhall, you know."

"Mr. Bartle's name is further down on the programme, father," the girl said significantly.

"Bartle? You would like his name taken off, eh? I don't know as I care to place myself under obligations to Mr. Bartle."

"And I'm certain I do not want to dance with him," said the daughter.

"Oh, very well, Lucy, dear. I'll chance it. Here's another space for your name, Mr. Cunningham. Now I've given you a start. You are young, and will manage to keep going, I have no fear. I'll hope to see you later."

The genial man vanished, no doubt to make matters pleasant for some other stranger. The City is the abiding-place of practical hospitality.

The equally genial young man remained. He lost no time in addressing himself to Lucy Constable.

"It occurs to me that this is a little informal," he began apologetically.

"I hope it does not give your sense of propriety too great a shock," she interrupted.

"Mine? Oh dear no! There is little danger of shocking me."

"If father and I have not succeeded, I should say there is little danger."

"Now, Miss Constable, you are doing your best to twist my meaning, I will not let you. What I wish to say is that this is a new experience to me and a delightful one. I might be taking a part in a fairy tale. I rush in just in the nick of time to rescue a beauteous lady from a terrible ogre in the shape of Mr. Bartle, not to mention Mr. Collins——"

"You would be a success in the Guildhall set, Mr. Cunningham. We are said to be such a matter-of-fact lot, and, too, so susceptible to flattery."

"To be sure you are nothing of the sort. How could anyone be matter-of-fact in such surroundings? This grand old hall, these coloured lights, the enthralling music, the enchanting jewels, the lovely ladies—it is a scene from Aladdin."

"I think I have heard 'The Forty Thieves' mentioned in connection with the City oftener than Aladdin," said the girl, whose father had no connection with company promoting. Derwent, however, was not to be put off his theme.

"You must be imaginative people here, and that you are amiable I have experience. For instance, it must be a great trial to you to make room on your programme for the Heaven knows who that drops in from Heaven knows where at Heaven knows what hour wanting a dance. That is true amiability."

"It is habit. I am used to it by this time. As father says: 'We all help at the Guildhall.' Father's special delight is to find a stranger who is not dancing. It gives father a chance to pour out hospitality. He pounces upon the poor man, and marches him round the room till they find me. Then the man is compelled to dance whether he likes it or no. I must say that some of them do so with all the cheerfulness of a bear on hot plates."

"You will not find me one of the 'some,' Miss Constable."

"You seem to bear up under the infliction with fortitude."

"May many such inflictions befall me," laughed Derwent.

Derwent gazed upon the girl with the greatest admiration. Her loveliness, her frankness appealed to him, and a certain subtle sporting spirit was hers, the spirit of the adventurous which has increased so noticeably among the girls of modern England, and which in many cases is so bewitching.

"I hope father succeeds in finding Mr. Bartle in time to tell him what has happened. It is awkward when father fails to find someone whose name he has scored off my programme."

"I think between the two of us we can beat off even Mr. Bartle."

"Oh! I never fight. I always refer the wronged one to father. He fixes it up somehow. I always think it is fortunate for father that the day of the duel is past. But—we all help at the Guildhall."

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A pompous man, past middle age . . . appeared, and led away the charming Miss Constable.

At this moment a pompous man, past middle age, and with shining bald head, appeared, and led away the charming Miss Constable. Derwent gazed after them for a few seconds, and then made his way to the crypt for a glass of wine.

The time came, and Derwent whirled Lucy Constable out upon the polished floor to the strains of a waltz. Below in the crypt, while waiting for his turn, Derwent had grown to look upon himself as quite a distinguished guest—a good man among the good.

The little matter relating to another man's overcoat was for the time forgotten. However, the self-deception did not last long. As he floated round the room a diamond darted splinters of brilliant fire into his eyes. The gem lay in the heart of a gold pansy pinned to the shoulder strap of his partner, and like a drop of purest dew flashed out upon the room. In size it was not remarkable, but Derwent, an expert, saw that it was of purest water and of relatively great value. The very thing to secure! So easily nipped off, so quickly secreted, so comfortably disposed of, and so valuable!

As he whirled the girl languidly round and round his dark eyes flashed to the flash of the diamond. The old itch of desire came over him until his fingers twitched as though attacked by some nervous disorder. The smile on his face broadened as the desire to lay hands on the gem increased. "Not yet, not yet," he kept saying to himself. "It is too early. The gem will keep. Leave it, leave it." Against the whole strength of his will his hand began to stealthily make its way up towards those tantalising scintillations. "You are an idiot to touch the thing so early, but now you have done it you must just make the best of it."

The waltz was ended, and the gem was in his waistcoat pocket. Derwent stood chatting with Lucy Constable when on a sudden he beheld the father making great haste towards them. The honest man's countenance bore the look of one eager to tell startling news. For some moments he seemed unable to find tongue, standing there rubbing his hands together and beaming on those who surrounded him.

"Guess whom we have here for a guest this evening?" he suddenly demanded.

"Who?" gasped Mrs. Constable.

"Guess?"

"Royalty?"

"Royalty! Nothing so common. A burglar! A burglar, my dear! That's who."

Mrs. Constable threw her hands in the air in consternation.

"Whist! Not a word or you may alarm

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the people. Walked right in as saucy as you please, and is among us at this present blessed minute with his eyes if not his hands on all the finery of the room. That's pleasant for the Guildhall, that is!"

Mrs. Constable now placed her hands to her heart, and commenced to sway forward and back in her emotion.

"A real burglar," continued Mr. Constable. "It seems he walked into a house in Bedford Park and helped himself to an overcoat belonging to a journalist. Would you believe it, he had the impudence to use the invitation to this blessed dance which he found in the pocket! The rightful owner, although never dreaming that the thief would have the hardihood to turn up here, mentioned the matter, the invitations taken at the door were examined, and there, as large as life, was the identical ticket."

"A thief!" gasped Mrs. Constable.

"A thief all right enough, my dear. But we'll have him. He'll be presented to the Lord Mayor in a way he won't relish, you take my word."

Characteristically Derwent could not realise at once the seriousness of the situation. He found himself laughing at the looks of consternation which surrounded him.

"This is a most interesting situation," he said to his host.

"We'll make it more interesting still when we catch the gentleman."

"I have no doubt. What trap have you set for him?"

"Well, it just shows you! Truth is stranger than fiction, even though I say so to an author. The stolen invitation belonged to a man on the *Daily Gazette*, and, as luck would have it, the man that took up the invitations at the door happened to be a reader of the *Gazette*. Noticing the name of his particular newspaper, he had a good look at the fellow, and says he would know him among a thousand. We've set him to watch at the cloakroom door. When the thief calls for his coat he'll hear of something to his disadvantage, you take my word."

"Lucy, where's your brooch?" suddenly barked Mrs. Constable.

Instantly both glance and hand of the girl flew to the spot whereon should have reposed that precious diamond.

The gem had flown!

"Run, John, run and tell the police," cried the distressed matron. "Don't stand there staring like a fascinated hippopotamus. The villain is at work among us. Oh, Lucy, Lucy! You should have taken greater care."

Lucy Constable said not a word. While her mother put handkerchief to eyes, and her father ambled off at a puffing pace to warn the police, the girl stood for a few seconds motionless, looking straight in front of her. Then slowly she turned her head and focussed her glances upon the young man who stood by her side. In the twinkling of an eye Derwent recognised that the girl guessed all. Looking her frankly in the eyes, he said:

"You remember as we waltzed catching in those curtains? It may be that the brooch was torn from you there. Let us go and find out while your father is communicating with the police."

Without a word the girl accompanied him. Right well she knew that the curtains had interfered in no way with her. Her head, which she held high, told her who had interfered, yet her heart refused to impeach one who had danced so well and behaved to her so pleasantly, and whose acquaintance she had made in so informal a manner.

Head and heart fought a short but fierce battle as she walked across the room, and, as happens ninety-nine times out of a hundred when a girl's head and heart are at war, the heart won handsomely. Derwent glanced more than once at the girl's face as they walked side by side. These glances reassured him, at the same time telling him plainly the danger of attempting any quibbling policy with Lucy Constable. He knew she knew where the brooch had gone.

"We will find the brooch," he said.

"I think we shall," she answered, without looking in his direction.

"May I pin it where it should not have been taken from?"

"I will do that myself."

He handed her the jewel, and she replaced it on the shoulder strap.

"You do not think I intended keeping it?"

"What else should I think?"

"I wished to make temporary use of it. I hoped to use it to renew the acquaintance we have made this evening."

The girl shook her head.

"I recognise that the chances of a further acquaintance are now ruined. Nevertheless, mine was a pretty plan, and should not have miscarried. I will tell you the plan I formed and you may judge. I was to find your brooch caught in my clothes to-night when I got home. I was to remember having seen you wearing it. I was then to ascertain your address, and at a convenient hour to-morrow evening I was to call at your house to per-

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sonally return the brooch to you. You were to be delighted at recovering your treasure and, to be sure, I was to be welcome. Alas! the 'was's' have not come to pass. The scheme would have enabled me to renew a most delightful acquaintanceship. That is why I took the brooch. It was a feasible scheme."

"More feasible than honest."

"I venture to say that others have resorted to darker strategy to gain the friendship of such a girl as you, Miss Constable."

Lucy Constable's cheeks reddened just a little, and she found herself, as it were, in spite of herself, strangely drawn in sympathy towards her companion who spoke in such sincere tones to her and laid even his doubtful deeds bare. Half in fear and half in hope she asked:

"The overcoat?"

"I have sent the overcoat to its proper address. I took it from its peg for the adventure of the thing."

"I find that hard to believe."

"Do not try to believe; just take it as true." He dropped his voice. "I have a favour to ask you."

"I know the favour. You do not need to ask it. I will say simply that I have found the brooch and will cast no suspicion on you."

"I had never any fear that you would. The favour I ask is of quite another sort. You have told me that you all help at the Guildhall. I am in need of help. Please sit down here."

Against her will she seated herself.

"What is it you would ask?"

"How am I to get away from this Guildhall?"

"Get away?"

"Yes, get away. You know this place better than I can ever hope to know it. How am I to get away from here without being detained for a thief. Since hearing the position of affairs from your father I have turned the situation over in my mind a thousand times without hitting upon a plan to get clear of this place."

Over his face the smile still flickered, delicately dimpling his cheeks, but his black eyes seemed to flare fire. His soul was in fear, his brain in a fever. He looked to the girl for safety.

"How am I to get away?" he demanded.

"The danger is the cloak-room," she said.

"Yes. I cannot go without my coat and hat."

"Why not send an attendant for them?"

Derwent shook his head.

"Certain detection," he said. "The appearance of an attendant with a guest's check would excite suspicion instantly. Some other plan, please!"

"If you are questioned can you not tell them what you have told me? They only know of the overcoat."

"They have set their minds on catching a thief and someone must be caught to satisfy them. I would sacrifice my coat rather than be put to the inconvenience, the delay, the danger of investigation. It is not the guilty alone who are found guilty, you know."

In sudden enthusiasm the girl spoke.

"I have it! I think I have it! You can act?"

"I have never tried."

"You can assume a part, of that I am convinced. You must now do so—a none too pleasant a part. You must pretend to have taken too much wine. That will rescue you from your predicament."

"What do you mean?"

"It's like this. I have heard father tell that occasionally a guest here takes too much wine and begins to be noisy. When this happens, the attendants slip him out by a private door, as, of course, it would never do to conduct a tipsy man through the dance-rooms. They get his coat for him and send him off in a cab."

Derwent was upon his feet like a flash.

"That's the information I needed. Indeed, you do all help at the Guildhall. I see my way clear. How can I thank you, Miss Constable?"

Lucy Constable, too, started to her feet, but more as if in fright at what she had done and the part she had played in the evening's business. Yet on her face was a flush which certainly looked much like a flush of triumph. Looking Derwent unflinchingly in the eye she said:

"We all help at the Guildhall, but—usually not quite so much as I have to-night!"

He held out his hand, but she did not take it. Withdrawing her gaze, she turned and walked slowly away. His eyes followed her majestic exit from his life.

On his way to the refreshment-room, Derwent slipped his cloak-room check behind the fronds of a giant fern. In rather loud tones he called for a glass of champagne. A moment after receiving it the glass slipped from his fingers and shivered to splinters on the floor. The well-behaved people who surrounded him were struck aghast at seeing a young man the worse for liquor under the hospitable roof of the Corporation of

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London. Turning, Derwent half tripped over a lady's train. Instantly an attendant stood by his side.

"Another glass of champagne," demanded Derwent in a thick voice.

"Yessir. This way, sir." The waiter took his arm to pilot him behind the refreshment counter. "The champagne is being served behind 'ere, sir."

Derwent allowed himself to be conducted "behind the scenes," passing through a narrow door and landing in a chair in a private room. Rubbing his forehead vigorously, as though trying to awaken himself, he said:

"I want to get to my hotel. I wish you would call a cab. I feel deadly sleepy.

"I can't find my cloak-room check, so you might let me have a cap and coat until to-morrow. Anything will do. Here's a couple of sovereigns for your trouble and the loan."

The glass slipped from his fingers and shivered to splinters on the floor.

A cap was soon clapped on Derwent's head, an overcoat, much the worse for wear, slipped on him, and without more ado he was assisted into a cab.

"Great Central Hotel," he muttered.

At Tottenham Court Road he stopped the cab.

"The air has done me good," he said to cabby, as he stepped upon the kerb, "I'll walk the rest. Here's five shillings for you."

By back streets he returned to his chambers. Flinging off coat and cap he stood, a great grin overspreading his countenance.

"That overcoat's account is now closed," he said. "It would not look good in the eyes of a chartered accountant. Debtor to one shilling to Carter Paterson; two pounds to the waiters, five shillings to the cabby, and the loss of one handsome overcoat and one opera hat. Creditor to—what? Nothing! No, not nothing. She was a glorious girl to have passed even so short a space of time as an hour with. Hang me if I would not run as great a risk again, aye, willingly for another hour of her company."

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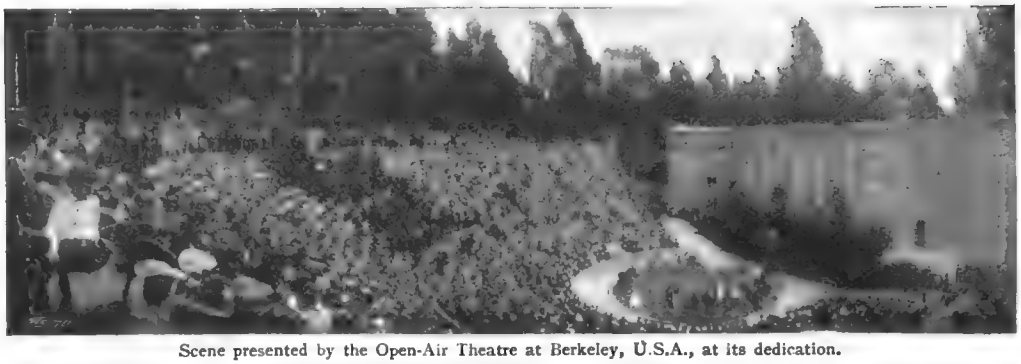

Scene presented by the Open-Air Theatre at Berkeley, U.S.A., at its dedication.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Readers are Invited to Contribute to this Feature.

THE BIGGEST OPEN-AIR THEATRE.

Among the Ancient Greeks and Latins, Dionysius (or Bacchus) was regarded as the god of the drama, and to his honour a theatre capable of seating 30,000 persons, and open to the sky, was erected at Athens.

Since those days other open-air theatres have been built in different parts of the world, but none has approached the original one in point of size, until the erection of the theatre at Berkeley, California, which, in proportions, is the exact counterpart of the famous theatre of Dionysius.

This building was given to the University of California by Mr. W. R. Hearst, the millionaire newspaper proprietor. It is set in the midst of the magnificent scenery of the Golden Gate State, and presents an unrivalled spectacle.

On the day the theatre was opened there was a most brilliant ceremony, the effect of the play, combined with the surroundings, being beautiful in the extreme.

Nothing but high-class drama and opera is to be performed in this new theatre, and the classics will be followed closely. Historic Italian pantomimes are to be revived, and all the leading orators of the day, foreign as well as American, will be invited to declaim from the spacious stage of well-kept, soft, green turf.

Photo *F. Byramji.*
A Fakir weighted with heavy chains.

EXPIATION IN CHAINS.

In order to appease their gods and to do penance for real or imaginary sins, Indians frequently resort to great mortification of the flesh, which leaves its mark on their bodies for life.

The illustration below shows Shaha-dut Ali Shah, a Mahommedan devotee, who for the last thirty years has been going about India, loaded with chains, in expiation, as he says, of sins committed in his youth.

He is an educated native of Jullunder, in the Punjab, is about sixty years of age and stands six feet high. He carries no fewer than 640 lbs. (or more than a quarter of a ton) of iron chains on his person day and night.

Some years ago he arrived by train in Bombay, where he created a considerable sensation among the natives, being taken by them for a State prisoner, and an awful example of the vengeance of the British Government. This was due to his having been brought down to Bombay under police escort. In the train he travelled in a goods truck, and water had to be poured over him constantly in order to keep him cool and lessen the sufferings which his self-inflicted burden brought upon him. The chains are mostly suspended from a heavy iron collar which is fastened round the fakir's neck.

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FIRING HEAVY GUNS.

How the Big Splashes Out at Sea are Caused.

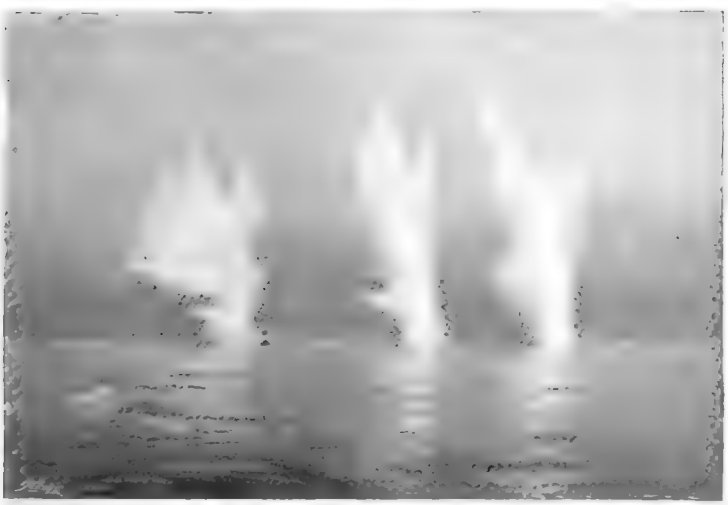
People who live in the vicinity of coast towns where marines are stationed will be familiar with the sound of the firing of big guns, and will have seen the miniature waterspouts occasioned when the shells find a resting place in the ocean. The noise made by the firing can be heard at a great distance, and at the spots where the guns themselves stand the earth perceptibly shakes.

Frequently a target is placed far out at sea to train the gunners in accurate sighting. then it is, of course, that the biggest splashes are occasioned. The target does not always consist of a specially constructed buoy, sometimes it is a battleship no longer fit for service.

The splashes do not invariably come from shot fired directly out to sea. There are times when the land batteries are practising on the coast, and when their bullets miss the target they sometimes ricochet into the ocean. Care is taken that there is no possibility of a ricochet landwards, or the consequences might be serious. At sea, an accident with a ricocheting bullet is very remote, for the vessels that pass within range are few and far between, and can easily be avoided unless anything unforeseen should happen.

In Italy the most important naval station is Genoa, and here a series of very big batteries has recently been constructed for the defence of the country. Some of the guns in these batteries, which are shown in action in the two photographs on this page, are so trained that they throw their shells right over the houses of the town and into the sea beyond, where a big splash is caused by each shell as it finishes its career.

Two of the guns belonging to the heavy batteries at Genoa being fired.



Photos *Adolfo Croce.*

As the shells fall into the ocean they cause a miniature waterspout to rise.

The efficiency of the Italian Navy is now approaching a state of perfection. But this is not done without hard work. The men must continually be drilling and practising gun-firing, or they would soon lose their prowess. In the batteries at Genoa large numbers of men will receive the training necessary to fit them to become expert gunners.

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THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

THE North-American Continent abounds in extraordinary freaks of Nature. The best known, perhaps, are those in the Yellowstone Park region, which contains a mud volcano, geysers, and 10,000 hot springs among its other natural wonders.

Some thirty hours' journey from Pasadena, on the Union Pacific Railway, is a little wooden station, bearing the name Cañon Diablo, where the trains stop only at long intervals. The station is so called from the fact that adjacent to it is a huge gash, or ravine, some 160 feet deep, in the otherwise practically level plateau.

Photo *Union Pacific Railway.*
The Devil's Slide at Weber Canon, U.S.A.

Not a great distance from this ravine is a hill, down the side of which runs a wall of rock, whose centre is entirely gone, presenting the appearance of having been removed by the hand of man, but whether this was so or not cannot be ascertained. It is called "The Devil's Slide."

At the foot of the hill runs the railway, and passengers, who do not alight at the station in order to inspect the Slide at close quarters, have the opportunity of seeing it as the train passes. The Devil's Slide is a prominent feature of the landscape, for it is not obscured by trees, which, though they grow in abundance, reach no great size, the soil being of such poor quality.

A RECORD LOBSTER.

LOBSTERS that appear on the table in this country do not usually exceed more than a few pounds in weight, while in size, at the outside, they would not attain a greater length than eighteen inches, and it is very rarely that one of any special magnitude is captured.

The record crustacean was recently caught in the Pacific Ocean. It weighed no fewer than thirty-six pounds, and was actually forty-five inches in length. With its two large claws it could easily incircle a man's waist.

For food lobsters like nothing better than meat, and the baskets in which they are caught are baited with dead fish.

This monster gave his captors a great deal of trouble before he could be landed. Smaller lobsters get right into the basket, but such a big one could not do so. He had evidently managed to have a good feed off the bait, and then become so entangled that he was unable to extricate himself from the basket. When the basket was dragged into the boat a fierce struggle commenced, and it required the united efforts of the fishermen to secure their prize, and they had to take good care that they were not injured in the conflict.

The previous largest lobster caught was 3ft. long, and 34lb. in weight.

Photo *The Scientific American.*
The largest lobster ever caught.

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These flower-like structures represent minute animals called hydroid polyps. In order to model them they were magnified twenty times.

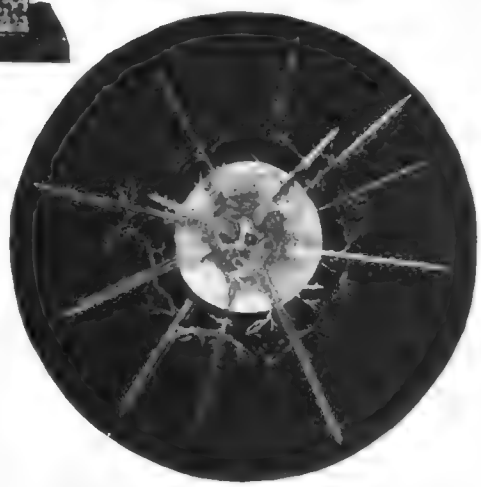
piece by piece, the branches, tendrils, or filaments being added one by one by means of the blowpipe, each member or particle receiving its proper shape and form by the most delicate manipulation of the pipe and other instruments of the glassworker's art.

The coral group is a beautiful piece of work, cleverly conceived and wonderfully executed, the delicate colouring tints being reproduced with great accuracy. The hydroid polyps resemble nothing so much as graceful flowers, and when it is remembered that they had to be magnified twenty times, the difficulty of obtaining a correct model will be more clearly realised.

WONDERFUL GLASS MODELS.

Lifelike Representations of Tiny Marine Organisms.

Seen through a microscope many animalculæ have a most beautiful appearance, both as regards shape and colour. Dr. Dahlgren, a well-known scientist, is now having constructed a number of glass models of these—principally of the marine variety—in order to preserve an accurate record of them. He has retained the services of a skilful glassblower, and when completed the models will be put on view in the Museum of Natural History, New York.



In real life this creature measures less than $\frac{1}{32}$ of an inch in diameter. The living organism is in the centre of the disc.

The three models shown here were constructed in the following manner:—

First, the subject was microscopically examined, magnified from ten to over two hundred diameters, and then carefully studied, sketched, or modelled in clay. The model was next painstakingly built up,

A beautifully modelled group of coral. Every part of it is true to life, and the brilliant colouring is reproduced exactly.

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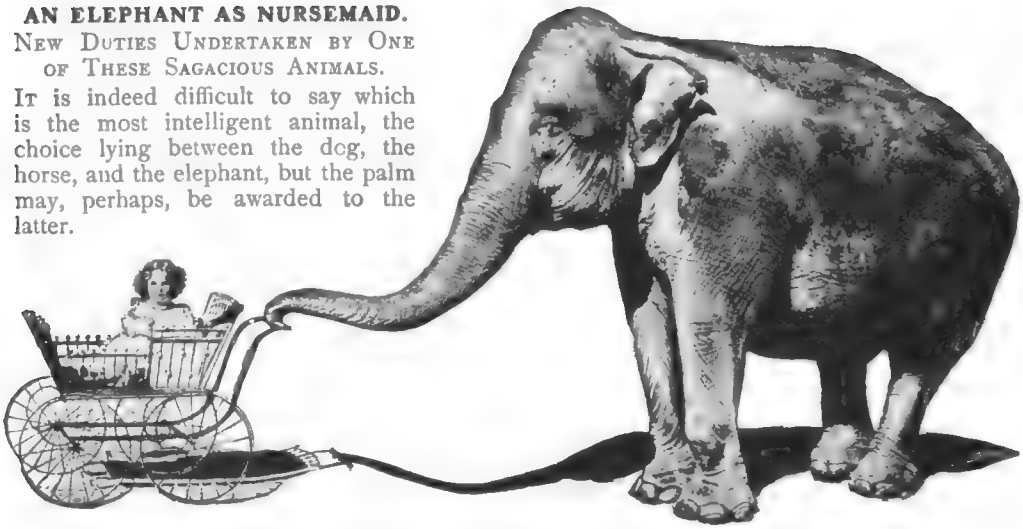
AN ELEPHANT AS NURSEMAID.

New Duties Undertaken by One of These Sagacious Animals.

It is indeed difficult to say which is the most intelligent animal, the choice lying between the dog, the horse, and the elephant, but the palm may, perhaps, be awarded to the latter.



How the elephant wheels the perambulator containing his little charge.

The keeper of the elephants at some Zoological Gardens in Australia has trained one of the unwieldy animals to act as nursemaid to his small daughter. The beast is so tractable that he will allow the little one to do just as she likes with him.

Jumbo is, of course, his name, and he always answers to his mistress' call. His latest accomplishment is the wheeling of a perambulator. He holds the handle with his trunk and pushes the vehicle along in front of him, the mother feeling that her little one is quite safe in his charge. Jumbo takes great care to see that the ground he traverses is level—he does not like his mistress to receive a jolting.

At the word of command the elephant will lie down on his side, and the little girl climbs up one of Jumbo's massive legs on to his back, where he allows her to sit until she wants a change.

A trick the monster is fond of performing and one which his mistress delights in is to lift her from the ground with his trunk, raise her high in the air, and then tenderly deposit her on the ground again. This is a source of never-failing pleasure, and no human could be more gentle in his movements than Jumbo is.

In his early days Jumbo was employed on a timber plantation, along with a number of other elephants. Their work was to carry the heavy logs from one part of the plantation to another. This they accomplished, not by drawing loaded wagons, but by picking up the logs with their trunks and depositing them where they were required.

Jumbo once saved a native workman from a horrible death. Several blacks were busily engaged felling trees, and had brought to earth two forest giants successfully and without accident. A third was in the act of falling, when one workman got in the line of fall, and would have been crushed had not Jumbo intervened.

As a playmate an elephant is invariably good-tempered.

Seeing his danger, the elephant stepped forward and snatched the man out of the way with his trunk just in time.

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Mother Moon Tells the Last of the Pyjama Kid Stories. How Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil go Shrimping, and Catch a Bigger Fish than they Expected.

By S. Bridge-Worth.

As Mother Earth is round, and as Mother Moon goes round Mother Earth, it is quite clear that Mother Moon cannot be shining everywhere on Mother Earth at one and the same time. I daresay you have noticed that very often I run away and leave you. You see, then, how interesting it is, being the Moon—for I never know what will happen to my friends on one side of the world when I'm away calling on my friends at the other side.

I expect some funny things happen sometimes while my back is turned, but after all I don't know that they could be any funnier than the things that happen when I *am* looking—and anyway, it's very amusing to come back and find out what changes have taken place.

But it's rather puzzling sometimes. The other day, for instance, when I turned a corner of the Earth, as it were, and began to shine on Essex for the first time in a long while, I hastened to look for my Pyjama Kids, but not a sign of them could I find anywhere. Their home seemed quite deserted, for no light shone through any of the windows of the house, though it was quite early in the evening. I soon felt sure that Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil—as my Pyjama Kids *will* call themselves—had gone away to the seaside in my absence.

So I sent messages to all my trusted moonbeams to search everywhere on the coast of England until they found the Pyjama Kids. At once they set about hunting high and low, and it was not long before I had news.

The Pyjama Kids, I learnt, had gone away with their mother to a little fishing village in Norfolk. The moonbeam who found them out reported that they were fast asleep in bed; but they can't deceive Mother Moon, for directly I looked I saw they were only shamming.

They were lying on their beds, true enough, and they were dressed in their little silk sleeping suits, but they were gazing straight up into my face.

"Here's the old moon come to see us," I heard Bill say.

"She's very bright to-night," answered Lil.

"It would be like day on the sands," said Bill.

"How I wish we could go out and play," sighed Lil.

"*Let's* go," said Bill, and I knew some mischief would be afoot before very long.

"Lil," I heard Bill whisper, after a pause, "Lil, we *must* go. Do you know to-morrow's mother's birthday?"

"Oh, dear me," cried Lil, "and we haven't bought her a single present!"

"We must go and get one," said Bill. "We must steal out very quietly, for it would spoil all the fun if she guessed——"

"But——" said Lil, "but—but—all the shops will be shut and——"

"Pooh!" interrupted Bill. "What does that matter? The sea's open all night, isn't it? and I'm sure there will be plenty of mermaids playing about in the moonlight who'd be only too glad to sell us a present—a lovely coral necklace from the depths of the sea, Lil, or one of the golden combs they comb their hairs with. They must have

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Jim took his pipe from his mouth, and regarded the children in wonder.

shops somewhere, or how could they buy themselves combs?"

"I know," cried Lil suddenly, "just what mother wants. Shrimps, Bill! Shrimps!"

"Oh, so she does," cried Bill. "I remember—she said she wanted to get some shrimps for our tea to-morrow! Come along, Lil, we'll go out and catch some. But quietly—not a sound must be made!"

And in another moment the Pyjama Kids had leapt out of bed, Bill had hastily thrown a cloak round Lil, and had seized a pea-jacket for himself, and hand-in-hand they had stolen out of their bedroom into the passage.

The house where the Pyjama Kids were staying was only a tiny cottage, facing the sea. A little rickety staircase led from upstairs to the front door. In the twinkling of an eye the children had run down the steps, had safely passed the door of the sitting-room where their mother, as I could see, was busily talking to the nurse, and were out in the garden. Then, hand in hand, I watched them, in amazement, running as fast as their legs would carry them down to the sea.

The beach was quite deserted, save for one or two fishermen making their boats ready to go shrimping. The children of the little village went to bed early, so Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil had the sands to themselves. One of the fishermen, a big, bearded man, leaning against the side of a smart little smack, Bill seemed to recognise.

"There's Jim," he cried. "Come, Lil, we'll run and see if he has any shrimps for sale. Jim!" he sang out, as he came up to the fisherman, "we want some shrimps, please."

Jim took his pipe from his mouth, and regarded the children in wonder.

"You do, do you?" he said at last, when he had finished staring at the Pyjama Kids' strange costumes. "And what may you want them for?"

"It's for mother's birthday present," announced Lil. "And we want them ever so!"

At this Jim laughed heartily. "And so do other people," he said. "I reckon I want them as much as you do—and I'm going out in ten minutes to get them. So if you come down to my house to-morrow morning, I daresay I can let you have as many as you please, when I've done boiling 'em. And now I must be off to get my baskets and nets; and as I reckon someone will be out and after you, to catch you, and put you to bed before I come back, I'll bid you good-night."

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With which Jim, the fisherman, turned on his heel and strode away.

Bill and Lil stood still where he had left them beside his boat, and stared at each other.

"He sails in ten minutes," said Bill after deep thought. "I vote we go with him."

"But—but," said Lil, "he didn't say he would take us, and what would mother say?"

"He would have to take us if we wanted to go," said Bill. "And as we are really going for mother's sake, to make sure that she gets her shrimps to-morrow, I don't see how *she* could mind. In you jump, Lil!"

Imagine the feelings of Mother Moon as she watched the two children clambering into the fisherman's boat. Bill helped to bundle Lil over the side, and then swarmed in after her. Never had I known the Pyjama Kids embark on such a desperate adventure. They crept as far forward along the boat as they could go to where a spare sail was lying on the bottom.

"Under you get, Lil," cried Bill, and Lil squirmed into the shelter of the sail and Bill followed. Then he pulled at the sail until they were completely covered, and this, of course, hid them from my view. Looking down into the little fishing boat beside the waves, had I not seen the children smuggle themselves on board, I should never have imagined anyone was there.

But I could hear the two children whispering together, and at last I heard Bill's voice saying, "Now, not another sound, Lil, until we are well out to sea; then we will spring out, overpower Jim, capture the ship, and then, Lil, we'll be real pirates. *What* a lark!"

At this minute Jim, the fisherman, came striding across the sand towards his boat, a big basket under each arm, and his son came striding beside him carrying an armful of nets.

Not a sound came from beneath the sail at the far end of the boat.

"Now, heave ho, boy!" cried Jim, and father and son ran the boat into the waves, pushing her out until the sea came to the top of their long boots, and then leaping aboard to hoist the mainsail.

The Pyjama Kids were off on their perilous voyage. The little boat pitched and tossed as she headed out to sea, but still no sound came from beneath the sail. I could imagine the Kids, sitting huddled together, gripping each other's hands, Bill, perhaps, whispering words of courage into Lil's ear. Luckily, they were good sailors, as I knew well, for Jim had often taken them out before, but

Bill helped to bundle Lil over the side.

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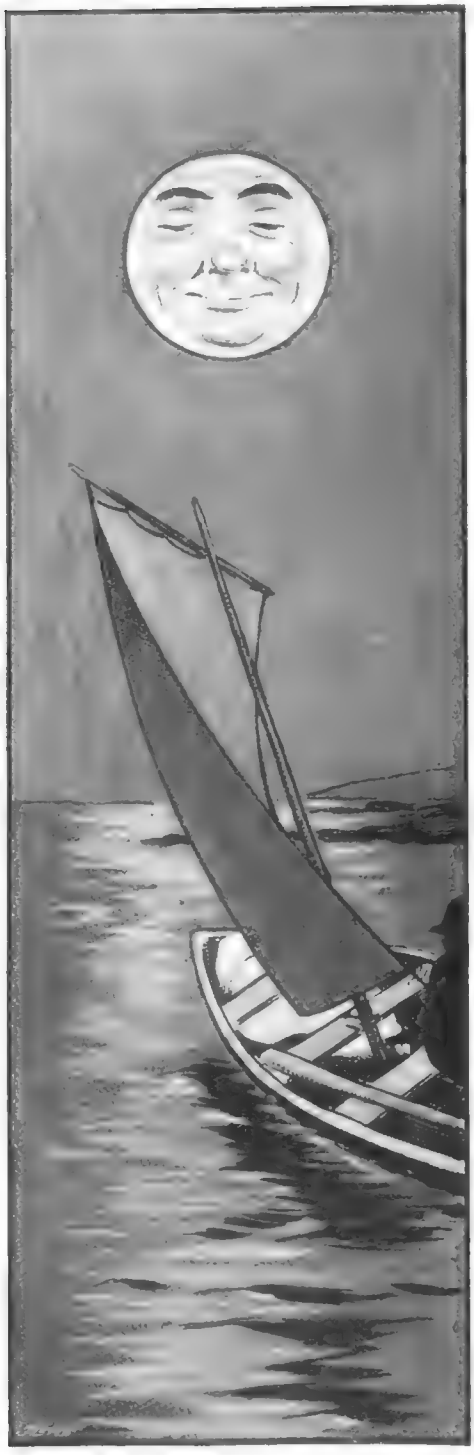

The little boat flew before the wind, skimming over the sea like a great gull.

never without their mother or their nurse to keep them company. I wondered how long they would remain quietly in hiding, and how long it would be before Jim would see something unusual about the position of his spare sheet.

But Jim was sitting with his back to the Pyjama Kids, quietly smoking his pipe as he gazed at the lights of the village, growing smaller and smaller as the wind bore the little boat further from shore, and though his son was steering and facing seawards, his eyes were always looking ahead. The little boat flew before the wind, skimming over the sea like a great gull. All was very still and peaceful in my light. The Pyjama Kids, I thought, must have fallen asleep.

Presently Jim gave an order to his son.

"Boy," he said, "we are far enough out now, I reckon. Let down the sail while I shoot the nets out, and we'll drift for a bit!"

The sail came down, the nets were shot out, and the little boat drifted with the tide. Still no sound came from beneath the spare sail, where the Pyjama Kids lay huddled together. Whilst the boy attended to the net, Jim closed his eyes and fell into a doze.

I caught a whisper from beneath the sail.

"*Now*," I heard in Desperado Bill's voice, and next moment a loud, long war-whoop rent the air.

With a mighty start, Jim, the fisherman, sprang to his feet, to see a small figure in pyjamas and a pea-jacket standing before him, holding by the hand another small figure, in pyjamas and a cloak.

Jim stared as if he had seen a ghost. His son—who had fallen in a heap when the cry rang out—picked himself up and rubbed his eyes at the vision he beheld. Then Desperado Bill held up his hand, and cried, in shrill, ringing tones:

"Fishermen! Surrender! Desperado Bill has come aboard! Surrender the ship, on peril of your lives!"

* * * * *

At this stage of the story I must tell you about Uncle George.

One of the finest things about being the Moon, you know, is that you can see ever so many places at once. If you were the moon, you would have thousands of eyes and ears, only your ears and eyes would be moon-beams. They would listen for everything that was happening, and look for every sight, and tell you all about it. So you see how it was that whilst one set of my moonbeams was following the Pyjama Kids on their des-

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perate adventure, another set was following the movements of Uncle George, at the same time. And after a while, the reports that reached me up in the sky about Uncle George and about the Pyjama Kids became very exciting. For it seemed quite likely, as far as I could judge, that the Pyjama Kids and Uncle George would soon be meeting on the high sea!

For Uncle George was sailing on the seas that night, too; though he had not smuggled himself on board a fishing boat. Nor was he on board his yacht, nor in a rowing boat, nor in a steamer, but, as I must explain, he was on board his motor-boat.

Now, I daresay you have never seen a motor-boat (Mother Moon, by the way, sees a good many things on Mother Earth that people who live there never even hear about), so I must explain that a motor-boat is not driven by wind or steam, like other boats, but is driven by petrol—at least, Uncle George's was—and if you use up all your petrol, of course, your boat will not work any more. Uncle George's, at any rate, wouldn't, when he ran short of petrol, whilst on his way by sea to visit his sister, the Pyjama Kids' mother, at her lodgings in a fishing village in Norfolk.

Uncle George was very cross. His boat had stopped working when within a mile of the village lights. The tide was running out, and Uncle George and his man who was with him could only look forward to spending the night out at sea.

I won't tell you exactly what Uncle George said to his man when the petrol ran out, for he spoke rather warmly; so I will pass over that, and you may imagine a few of the names that he called his servant for not having brought a larger supply. He ended his speech by asking in a very disgusted manner:

"And *now* what do you propose to do? *How* do you propose to get me home to-night?"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," answered Uncle George's man, "but I propose to hail a fishing boat."

"That," said Uncle George, "is a more sensible idea than I should have supposed could have come from such an idiot as you. 'Pon my word," he went on, "it's a brilliant suggestion, but first," said Uncle George in his most scathing tones, "but first I should advise you to *find* your fishing boat."

"Very good, sir," answered Uncle George's servant. "A fishing-boat's now

"And *now*, what do you propose to do?"

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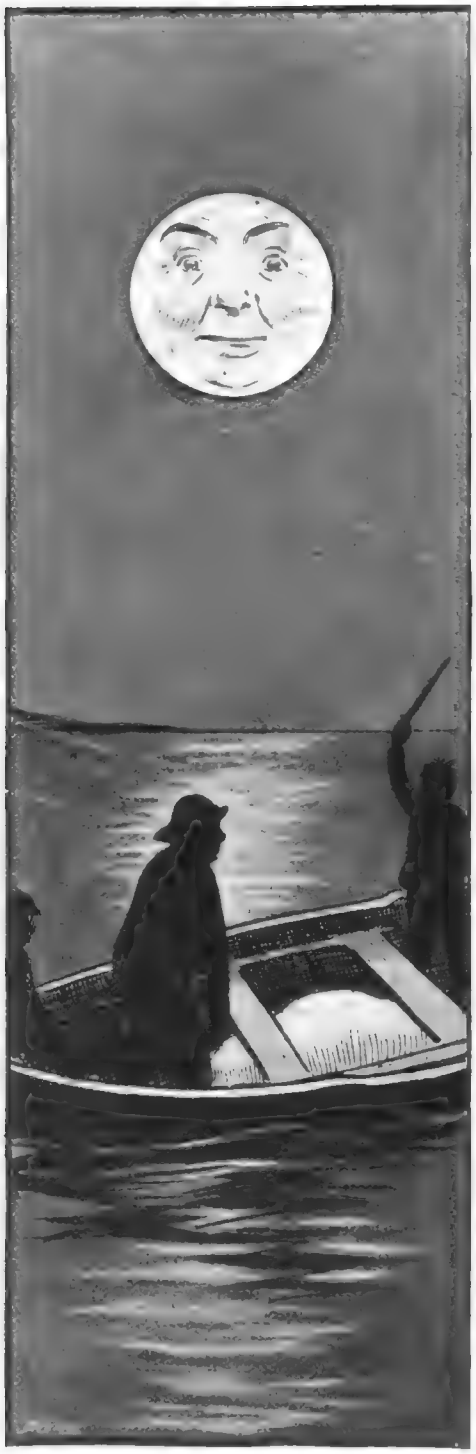

"Surrender the ship, on peril of your lives!"

a-coming down on the tide, and will be within hail in a minute."

"Hail away, then," said Uncle George.

And Uncle George's servant, having coughed to clear his throat, and muttered a polite, "Beggin' your pardon, sir," put his hands to his mouth and let out such a shout as must have startled the fishes for leagues around.

"*Ahoy, there! Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!*"

And in answer to the shout an oar was waved over the side of the fishing boat, dropped into the water, and was pulled vigorously. The fishing boat bore down to the rescue of the motor-boat.

"She's heard, sir," said Uncle George's servant. "She'll pick us up in a minute."

"You talk as if we've been shipwrecked," said Uncle George, somewhat tartly, for he was beginning to feel rather foolish.

Mother Moon chuckled to herself, when she thought of the surprise in store for Uncle George.

* * * * *

"Surrender the ship, on peril of your lives!"

When Jim, the fisherman, heard these words uttered by Desperado Bill, he, as I have said, stared at the vision in pyjamas before him as though he had seen a ghost. He stared so hard and so long that Desperado Bill grew impatient, stamped his foot, and cried again: "Surrender!"

And this brought Jim to his senses, but not as Desperado Bill had intended. For he sank back against the side of the boat, and laughed and laughed until the tears rolled.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared the fisherman. "Surrender the ship, say you? Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"*Yield!*" cried Laguna Lil.

"Oh!—Oh!" gasped the fisherman, too worn out with laughing to speak clearly. "You'll be the death of me! Ye little ragamuffins, who put you up to playing your pirate games on me? And have you been lying under that sail all this time ever since we set out? Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared the fisherman again, "won't your mother talk when you get home!"

"It was for mother we did it," spoke up Laguna Lil. "To get her some shrimps for her birthday present."

"Well, this beats all," said the fisherman, who had a kind heart, and was fond of children, though his ways were rough. "But didn't I tell you I could let you have as many shrimps as you wanted to-morrow morning?"

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"Yes," said Desperado Bill. "But we wanted to catch them ourselves, or it would have been no fun."

"Well," said the fisherman, "all I can say is that the likes of this I never heard tell of in all my born days."

And the end of the matter was that he agreed to surrender his ship to the pirates. This settled, he wrapped each of the pirates warmly in a thick coat, gave each a biscuit to eat, hauled up the sail, and headed the boat for home, chuckling very much to himself all the while.

"You've surrendered, remember," said Desperado Bill, as he watched these proceedings. "Never forget that, Jim."

And Jim said he never *would* forget it, as long as he lived.

And now comes the most exciting part of the story, for it was just at this moment when the cry rang out over the sea, "Ahoy, there! Ahoy! Ahoy!"

"There's a ship in distress," cried Desperado Bill, when he heard the shout. "Take the oars, Jim, and row for your life to the rescue!"

A few strong strokes brought the fishing boat alongside the motor-boat, where Uncle George and his servant were waiting for help.

And Uncle George, glancing up at the fishing boat, was surprised to see, besides the old fisherman and his son, two little heads above the side of the boat, and two pairs of eyes gazing at him in startled recognition.

"'Pon my word! if it isn't the Pyjama Kids!" cried Uncle George, nearly falling into the sea in his astonishment.

"Uncle George! Uncle George!" cried the Pyjama Kids. "Surrender to the pirates!"

How Uncle George in the end *did* surrender; how the fisherman threw him a rope so that he could pull his boat alongside and climb on board; how the Pyjama Kids then fell upon him and took him prisoner in earnest in their wild embrace; and how at last they all went home together, the fishing boat towing the motor-boat as it danced over the waves; how all this happened, amid what laughter, and explanations, and scoldings, to the accompaniment of how many "'Pon my words!" from poor bewildered Uncle George—all this Mother Moon would rather pass over in silence, for she can find no words to describe it.

When Jim, the fisherman, ran the boat ashore, Uncle George said, as he pressed a

Two little heads above the side of the boat, and two pairs of eyes gazing at him in startled recognition.

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"I promise never, never any more to leave the house to play games!"

five-pound note into his hand, "You'll never forget this night, Jim, as long as you live."

"That I won't, sir," said Jim. "To my dying day these 'ere young pirates will haunt my mind. I hope they won't grow no worse, sir, as they grow bigger."

"'Pon my word, I hope not," said Uncle George, as he hoisted Desperado Bill to one shoulder and Laguna Lil to the other, and set off running up the beach towards the light in his sister's cottage as fast as his fat legs would carry him.

What happened when Uncle George brought the Pyjama Kids back to their mother's arms, Mother Moon, unfortunately, could not see, for the blinds were drawn across the windows. It was not until some time after the fisherman and his son, with the help of Uncle George's man, had made the boats fast for the night, that I saw the Pyjama Kids again.

They were lying in their beds when I caught a last glimpse of them that night. Their mother and Uncle George were bending over them. Everyone was looking very solemn. I heard Uncle George say: "Now promise." Then Desperado Bill said:

"I promise never, never any more to leave the house to play games, after I have been sent to bed. I promise it faithfully!"

And then Laguna Lil said, holding her mother's hand:

"I promise never, never any more to leave the house to play games, after I have been sent to bed. I promise it faithfully."

(And this, you see, is why I have had to call this story, "The Last of the Pyjama Kid stories." For I am sure my Pyjama Kids will not break their solemn word; and if they go for no more moonlight escapades, how can I tell any more stories about them?)

When Laguna Lil had made her promise, Uncle George moved across the room to pull down the blind—"To keep out temptation," as he said, meaning Mother Moon.

"I know we were very wicked, mother dear," I heard Desperado Bill whisper, as Uncle George reached for the blind-pull, but held his hand for a minute to look out at the sea, "and we will never play pirates by moonlight again—but if we hadn't gone out to-night, we shouldn't have rescued Uncle George, should we?"

"And mother wouldn't have had her shrimps for tea, perhaps," whispered Laguna Lil, her head nodding sleepily.

Then Uncle George pulled down the blind with a run.

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Survivors' Tales Of Great Events

Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*
Admiral Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay, Bart.

No. V.—THE SUPPRESSION OF THE CHINESE PIRATES.

From the Narrative of
Admiral the Right Hon. Sir J. C. Dalrymple Hay, Bart., G.C.B.*

Gleaned and Edited by Walter Wood.

One of the "great events" of the 'forties was the suppression of piracy in the China Sea, and one of the survivors of the destroyers of the cruel rovers is Admiral the Right Hon. Sir John Charles Dalrymple Hay, Bart., G.C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., D.L.

To Admiral Hay when, as Commander Hay, he commanded a beautiful little brig, named the *Columbine*, in the China Sea, was given the hard and dangerous task of finding and crushing a horde of pirates who were led by two infamous barbarians. The chief of these bore the strange name of Shap'n'gtzai — pronounced as nearly as possible as it is spelt, the "ai" as "i"; and the second in command was called Chuiapoo.

The chief had a main fleet of more than seventy junks, and the second controlled a subsidiary division of about forty. The two pirates ravaged the coast of China, preyed on commerce, and made themselves a terror to all peaceful traders, for they showed no mercy whatever to their luckless captives.

This pirate chief Shap'n'gtzai was a ferocious man at the head of a ferocious band. He was between thirty and forty years of age, tall, with a sharp chin, long upper lip, aquiline nose, large, dark eyes, and a clean-shaven, very dark complexion, which was slightly marked with small-pox.

He was a man who would have no rival near his throne, and when a competitor appeared he removed him by the simple process of complete destruction. Witness the case of a Chinaman named Lo, who, fired by the success of the chief, started a competing business. The chief sought him out, cornered him, attacked him, captured him, and put him to a cruel death. At another time a Chinese Government emissary was sent to treat with him, but the pirate accused him of treachery, and lashed him to the mainmast until he lingeringly died. A second messenger who tried to enlist the chief's invaluable services for the Government, was suspected of a determination to betray the rovers' lair, and on the strength of that misgiving the chief beheaded him.

With such desperadoes, sheltering in mysterious creeks and rivers, the work of chasing, taking, and destroying them was hazardous to a degree, and yet it was planned and finished with a dash and success which showed that nearly half a century after Trafalgar British officers and men had lost none of that initiative and unflinching courage which had been instilled by Nelson.

The *Columbine*, in which this smart, hard work was done, was a beautiful little brig of

* Sir John Hay, who was born so long ago as February, 1821, entered the Navy in 1834, and amongst the ships in which he served was Nelson's *Victory*, of which he was appointed captain in 1853. He has been a Lord of the Admiralty, and was for many years in Parliament. Of his varied and important services afloat none exceeded in excitement and commercial value his labours when in command of a squadron which destroyed piratical fleets in the China Sea in 1849, and of which the story is here told.

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sixteen guns. She was particularly interesting because she was the first ship in the Navy to have chloroform used on board. Her two medical officers received some of the new anæsthetic, and a volunteer, the captain's clerk, was speedily forthcoming to test its merits.

He was racked with toothache, and the amputation-table having been rigged, the surgeons, in the presence of a solemn invited company, extracted a very bad tooth. Delighted to find that the chloroform acted so perfectly, they discovered worse teeth, and when the captain's clerk recovered consciousness he was minus five. It is not recorded that he raised any protest.

The *Columbine* had no means of propulsion except the winds of Heaven and the hands of men. If the breeze failed, out came the sweeps, which were worked by the crew to beat of drum, an exhausting task if the crew were going to meet an enemy, when all their strength was wanted for the fighting. She was, from the standpoint of to-day, a queer little craft, and although when Commander Hay took her over in December, 1847, everything was shipshape, still nearly all the officers and men suffered from sickness.

He therefore set himself to work to clean the brig thoroughly—much as Anson, in going round the world in the *Centurion*, undertook the task of purifying that crazy structure. Commander Hay found that the *Columbine* was very filthy; but by cutting scuttles for ventilation and cleansing the whole of the brig with whitewash and chloride of lime, and by landing the men for exercise and amusement, the sickness disappeared. Despite the pestilential climate, the company was healthy and serviceable when the brig met the pirates.

It was not until 1849 that the vigorous suppression of piracy became possible. By this time there was danger and romance enough in the situation to satisfy the cravings of the most imaginative. The pirate chief had his dockyard in the inner waters of Bias Bay, about fifty miles north of Hong Kong, and here he had established flourishing business relations with many of that city's traders, who made an exceedingly good thing out of opium, brought from British India, and a contraband article for the sale of which China was the only market.

The pirates began operations which were to prove their last outrages by murdering two British officers; but for the time being they could not be reached, and being able to get all they wanted of the products of European civilisation, they remained secure in their fastness. British and American ships plied a busy but unlawful trade in opium and gunpowder, and chief amongst the traders was a clever and handsome Chinese woman named Aku. This enterprising adventuress, who made a fortune out of her wrongdoing, was the principal agent through whom the pirate chief supplied the wants of his waspish fleet.

With his load of iniquity upon him the chief, in command of his main fleet, scoured the coast from Macao to Tong-King; while his second fleet, rendezvousing at Bias Bay, ravaged the coast from Hong Kong to Amoy. The second in command, Chuiapoo, when he was not on active service, had pursued the peaceful calling of a barber ashore, presumably keeping his hand in as a warrior by cutting customers' throats.

The stirring war-game between the British and the pirates was now fairly opened, and in three months the *Pilot*, Commander Lyons, took or destroyed ten pirate junks and 252 pirates. Commander Lockyer, too, of the *Medea*, chased and attacked a number of junks, and in boarding one of them came across the redoubtable Aku. It seemed as if she would be cornered, for her position was a serious one; but she had been trained in a school of incorrigible wrongdoers, who never remained in a corner while there was a chance of wriggling free. Accordingly she engagingly set to work to explain her presence, which she did by saying that she was merely trying to induce the pirate chief to return some of her goods which he had unlawfully detained. The real fact was that she was supplying the pirates with necessaries, and purchasing from them plunder which they had seized in helpless trading vessels.

But Lockyer was not to be deluded even by the blandishments of a beautiful and clever woman. He gallantly assailed some of the pirates in the *Medea's* boats, and having taken and destroyed five junks—at a loss to his own side of one killed and nine wounded—he returned in his ship to Hong Kong. Thence he was ordered to relieve the *Columbine* at Whampoa, where, shortly afterwards, half-a-dozen of the junks which he had encountered had anchored. They escaped, but the Chinese Government, which was as openly defied by the pirates as any other body, sent five war junks to capture them. The force was as inadequate as it was unfortunate.

The powerful, watchful, and merciless rovers fell upon the junks and seized them,

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and, by way of showing what the fate of a defeated enemy was, massacred the crews, and having carried the mandarins and officers ashore, roasted them alive.

Meanwhile rigid search was being made for four vessels which had sailed from Hong Kong for Singapore, and had not arrived. It was believed that they had fallen into the pirates' clutches, and this proved to be the case. The vessels were captured, and their crews were never heard of. They had walked the plank—or worse.

Engaged in the search was the paddle-steamer *Canton*,* of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which had been chartered by merchants and insurance companies to look for the missing ships. She was commanded by Lieutenant Mould, first lieutenant of the *Amazon*, who had with him some of the *Amazon's* seamen and marines. Mould followed hard on the track of the pirates, and here and there took and destroyed junks, one of which mounted nineteen guns; but the *Canton* returned to Hong Kong, and Mould and his men to the *Amazon* without capturing Shap'n'gtzai.

The pirate, in making his way beyond reach of the *Canton*, worked mischief even in his hurried retreat, for he found time to stop and strip a Chinese fort of its guns. Narrowly escaping from the *Canton*, he audaciously, but unsuccessfully, tried to levy blackmail on the commander of some Chinese war junks. He was beaten off, but did much more mischief before he was finally brought to book.

On September 27th the *Columbine* sailed alone to a quiet spot ninety miles east of Hong Kong, a fishing-boat having brought news that Chuiapoo was ravaging the coast. The little brig, in a light wind and smooth water, went through the Lymoon Pass, and on the following day her commander learnt that Chuiapoo had ruthlessly burnt a village which had refused to pay him a ransom.

The *Columbine* was now hot on the trail, and an hour before midnight, when she was off Tysami, which was in flames, she saw fourteen pirate junks sailing in two lines towards the south-west. The brig made all sail in chase, helped by a bright moon. The pirates showed their determination to make a noble stand, by beating gongs and drums to rouse their courage, and tricing up primitive but effective stinkpots to throw on board the brig. The stinkpot was a handy weapon, of which the benevolent purpose was the suffocation of the hapless people amongst whom it fell.

Just before midnight the *Columbine* came up with the third junk from the rear of the lee line. Her commander and Mr. Caldwell, of the Hong Kong Police, were standing on the forecastle, and the men were at quarters. Caldwell hailed the pirate, and asked what he was. The pirate, cunningly equal to the occasion, answered that he was an honest trader, bound with a cargo of salt to Hong Kong. As to his companions, he feigned such dense ignorance that he said he knew nothing whatever about them.

At this time the brig and the junk were separated only by a distance of thirty yards. Commander Hay called upon the junk to heave to, threatening to fire if he refused. By way of answer, the rover triced up his stinkpots and boarding-netting, and cleared his nineteen guns for action. Again the British commander hailed and cautioned him, and receiving no satisfaction, he gave the pirate three telling rounds from the starboard broadside. The fire was returned by the honest trader and the other junks which were within range of the *Columbine*, and the peacefulness of the locality was violently broken by the crash of guns and the shouts and cries of the fighters.

A stern contest against great odds had been opened by the brig—a fight of one with fourteen, a conflict which is worthy to compare with Cochrane, in the little brig *Speedy*, against the great Spanish frigate *Gamo*.

The wind, which was falling light when the battle opened, became almost calm, so that the *Columbine* was favoured by being able to deal with two or three of the junks at a time instead of having to grapple with the entire fleet. The British commander fired his port guns into the second astern of the honest trader, and the fight was now waged furiously. The gallant little brig quickly and badly damaged three of the junks, for into each of them she fired several broadsides, and left them nearly wrecks.

Matters became so unpromising for the pirates that it seemed as if Chuiapoo intended to save his eleven sound junks by leaving the cripples, for the undamaged vessels began drawing away by sweeping. Out came the brig's sweeps also, but unluckily a thick mist gathered, and she lost sight of the enemy. At daylight the junks reappeared, about a mile and a half distant. By this time there

* The *Canton* was built in 1848, and was only 348 tons burden, and of 150 horse-power—far inferior in size and strength to many present-day tugs.

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was again only a light easterly air, so that handy manœuvring was impossible.

Shortly before noon an unexpected friend arrived. The *Canton* was seen coming round a point of land, and the brig having signalled that all the junks which were in sight were enemies, the *Canton* began to fire on the nearest, which returned it.

Prompt steps were needed if the victory was to be quick and sure, and stronger means, too, were imperative. That additional strength could be afforded only by steam, and consequently Commander Hay boarded the *Canton* with the object of chartering her for warlike uses. To his great disappointment he learnt that the steamer was already engaged by an American, Captain Watkins, to search for missing traders. With the generous friendship, however, which characterised American and British efforts in the China Sea at that period, and which Sir John Hay so warmly recognises, the *Canton* was put at his disposal.

Steam supplied just that element which was essential for success. The *Canton* took the *Columbine* in tow, and she was headed for one of the largest junks. On the way they sank one of the pirate vessels, and the rovers began to lose heart, and to seek escape by means of boats. Victory loomed large for the *Canton* and her little friend, but the very power which promised triumph proved a source of weakness, for a shot passed through the *Canton's* steam-chest and crippled her machinery so much that she was forced to cast the *Columbine* off. The misfortune was augmented by the brig grounding in her eager chase of a junk into a dangerous arm of the sea.

It now appeared as if the disabled steamer and the helpless brig would be an easy prey for the pirates, and that an appalling doom would be the lot of the assailants, to whom success had seemed so certain. The coast was inhospitable, the waters were full of hidden dangers, and the pirates were thirsting to destroy an enemy who had given such unmistakable proof of his power and determination to do mischief. No intercession or pleading could have saved the lives of those who might have fallen into the rovers' power. It was a desperate position, needing desperate measures, and these were taken instantly by Commander Hay. He ordered out the pinnace, gig, and cutter, manned and armed them, and sent them in to attack and scatter or wipe out the enemy.

The boat attack proved one of the most dashing exploits in that perilous adventure. It was also very fatal. The junk was pursued, boarded, and carried in valiant fashion. Headed by Lieutenants Bridges and Goddard, and accompanied by Captain Watkins, the boats' crews swarmed on to the junk, and after a short, hard fight drove the pirates below.

In circumstances like these a civilised combatant, recognising that he was hopelessly beaten, would have surrendered with as good a grace as he could muster. Not so the buccaneer. Understanding no law except that which guided his own barbarous existence, a law without pity and without mercy, and believing that as he had dealt by others so he would be dealt by in turn, he resolved to seek death at his own hands. Ignoring the fact that the junk was a prize, one of her desperadoes rushed below to destroy her by firing the magazine with a lighted joss-stick. Goddard, a fine, courageous young officer, chased the pirate and tried to stay his hand; but he was too late, and was mortally wounded by the explosion. There perished with him two marines and a seaman. Three marines and two seamen were severely wounded, and Bridges and Watkins were hurled into the sea.

With great coolness and presence of mind Bridges, on seeing what was about to happen, had ordered the boarders to jump overboard; but the joss-stick had done its work before they could all obey.

The brig meanwhile was rescued from her perilous position, with the help of the *Canton*. The few people who were left on board, including the commander, the doctor, and purser, the idlers, and even the sick, all bore a hand at the capstan-bars, and the *Columbine* was towed into a safe position, and her boats were hoisted up. The wounded were put on board the *Canton*, and the brig was towed down to the mouth of the long natural harbour of Fan-lo-Kong, where the ten surviving junks had run for refuge. Commander Hay sent the steamer to Hong Kong, and waited for help.

Early on the morning of October 22nd, the *Fury*, steam sloop, arrived with a large detachment of marines and seamen from the *Hastings*, under the command of Lieutenant Luard, now Admiral Sir William Luard. It was well that reinforcements had come, for when, at daylight, the *Fury* took the *Columbine* in tow, they saw, on rounding a point, no fewer than twenty-three pirate vessels, each mounting eighteen or nineteen guns.

In spite of the great odds against them, fire was opened instantly by the British, and

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The boats' crews swarmed on to the junk, and after a short, hard fight, drove the pirates below.

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in a very short time the work of destruction, which had been so brilliantly begun, was as dashingly completed. In less than an hour the pirates' guns were silenced, and the boats of the *Fury* and the *Columbine* went in and finished the work, covered by occasional shell fire. In about six hours twenty-three pirate junks, three new junks on the stocks, the pirates' dockyard, and many stores had been destroyed, and more than 200 guns had been captured. While the boats went on with the work of burning, Commander Hay, with a force of seamen and marines, landed and drove the pirates off.

In this smart little affair the *Fury* was penetrated by thirty-two shot. The *Columbine* had also suffered severely; but only one man was wounded — the quartermaster, Thomas Flintham, and that in wondrous fashion. This brave man was steering the *Fury*, standing on the port-side of the wheel. Commander Hay, who was also in the steamer, was on his left. The deck in front of them was struck by a round shot which, passing between the quartermaster's left leg and the commander's right, doubled up the former's cutlass and tore off the scabbard. The point of the weapon twisted round and made an ugly wound in Flintham's leg, but he refused to be relieved, and while the commander held the wheel he bent down, bound up the gash with his necktie, and then steered the *Fury* until the fight ended.

Having in this way obliterated the fleet of the pirates' second in command, the *Columbine* was towed by the *Fury* to Hong Kong, and four days later Commander Hay, with these two ships and the *Phlegethon*, East India Company's steam sloop, sailed to complete the work by crushing the pirate chief himself. He had an entirely free hand as to time and place of his task. Five days after leaving Hong Kong the little squadron anchored off Hoihau, having been piloted successfully through sixty miles of inner mysterious waters, full of hidden dangers, for they had never before been sailed over by ships of the draught of the *Fury* and the *Columbine*.

On landing, Commander Hay was received by a friendly mandarin named Hwang, who was anxious to help, and did help, in the work of exterminating the enemy and oppressor of all. On Sunday, October 14th, each ship's company received a very welcome present of fresh beef, vegetables, ducks, fowls, kids, and roast pigs. The squadron on the 15th anchored off the south side of Gueichau Island, and learnt that the pirate chief had left for Pakhoi, in the north-east corner of the Gulf of Tong-King. He was hotly followed, and the place was searched on the 16th, when it was found that he had burnt the village and gone to Chookshai, in the north-west corner of the gulf, seeking refuge in waters for which there was neither chart nor sailing directions.

It was an unknown region of rocks and islands, abounding in peril to ships and sailors, and there seemed to be no hope of chasing the pirates. Even if pursued and overtaken, the country was such that escape for them was easy. But luck favoured the British. The pressing needs of war had caused the pirate chief to threaten the Cochin-China town of Haiphong, in order to get supplies. The authorities, scared by his proximity, became the squadron's ally, and with this unlooked-for help the trapping of the buccaneers was made possible.

A tortuous and dangerous passage towards the spot where the pirates were believed to be was made by the three ships, at seven or eight knots' speed, the brig being in the centre, the *Fury* on her left, and the *Phlegethon* on her right. The ships, keeping always within signal distance, but sometimes hidden from each other by intervening islands, covered about thirty miles of water on which such ships had never before sailed.

It was feared that the pirates had been missed or had escaped, but on the 16th, in a creek, and almost hidden by trees, a junk was seen. The *Fury* and brig immediately anchored, and the *Phlegethon* went in and promptly destroyed the vessel. Her crew bolted inland, but one pirate and a captured fisherman were taken, and from those it was ascertained that Shap'n'gtzai himself was only about a dozen miles away, and that the junk was his look-out ship.

It was not until the 20th that the pirate chief was fairly trapped. He was then seen over the low islands with a large fleet, some anchored and some under way; but even now it seemed as if he could not be reached, as no channel could be discovered. "Like terriers at a rat-hole" the British hunted for a channel, but it was not until a pilot managed to escape from the shore that they could get in.

The squadron advanced to do final battle, and against great odds. It was a case of proceeding to attack through a narrow entrance, defended by 264 guns mounted in twenty-seven junks. The flagship had forty-two guns and flew a bright red banner, bordered with gold, which flashed warmly in

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A shell had killed the gunner, lanyard in hand, just as he was going to fire.

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the setting sun. The spectacle was brave and inspiriting to the pirates, and the day was curiously significant to the chief, inasmuch as he had consulted an oracle, and had been assured that if he escaped the 20th he would have two more years of success.

The rovers were lying snugly and, it seemed, securely in the Red River; but Commander Hay resolved to close with them at any cost. At high water he accordingly crossed the bar, the *Phlegethon* leading, and the *Fury*, with the *Columbine* in tow, close in her wake. When the *Phlegethon* got inside the bar the pirates opened a furious fire, and the squadron was greeted with a hail of shot, of which no fewer than forty-one struck the *Fury* and thirty-nine struck the brig, the rest scattering all over the water about forty yards to the squadron's right, "like a flock of wildfowl rising from the river." Soon, however, many of the junks had been destroyed by the squadron's well-served guns, and at nightfall the boats were left to complete the work.

It was a fierce, short fight, for within an hour and a half from the opening shot the chief's flagship blew up, and the disheartened pirates began to desert their ships. Night fell, and the air was red with burning junks, whilst vast, lurid shafts against the darkened sky denoted exploding vessels. Twenty-seven junks were blazing in the darkness, and here and there on the placid water a pirate craft, burnt from her moorings, drifted helplessly, a menace to the conquering squadron. The *Columbine* was in great danger, but the *Phlegethon* steamed to the support of the plucky little brig, and towed her into safety.

When the tired victors were able to take a little rest, the finest vessels of the pirate fleet had been destroyed, and it was rightly considered that the battle was a fitting celebration of Navarino, fought just twenty-two years before, and with the same burning of ships and crushing of a cruel enemy.

The following day—Sunday, the anniversary of Trafalgar—prayers were read and thanks given for the victory; then the *Phlegethon* and the boats of the squadron scoured the creeks and destroyed the junks which still survived. It was risky work even yet, but it passed off with remarkably little loss to the assailants. There were thirty-nine more of the junks hiding in various creeks, and in clusters. The *Phlegethon* alone destroyed twenty; and in another creek Commander George Handcock boldly attacked nine, all of which were huddled together.

Only one craft was bold enough to try to fight the *Phlegethon*, and her attempt was frustrated by a stroke of luck in favour of the British. While steaming up a narrow creek, in which some junks were moored, the *Phlegethon's* people saw the junk's stern gun being turned upon them. It was a perilous moment, for a single shot would have meant the raking of the steamer and consequent terrible loss to her officers and men. The muzzle was straight in their faces, but to their astonishment no threatening flash was seen, no fatal boom was heard. When the craft was boarded the mystery was solved, for it was then found that a shell had killed the gunner, lanyard in hand, just as he was going to fire.

The long-continued work had been done at last; the fleet had been destroyed, and the pirates killed, captured, or dispersed. The chief had escaped, but swarms of his men had been taken, and these, with the wrecks and guns, were made over to the grateful Chinese authorities at Haiphong, to be dealt with after the primitive but forceful methods of the country.

The extermination of these particular pirates had been complete. When the little squadron met the chief's fleet, he had with him sixty-four vessels of war, carrying no fewer than 1224 guns and 3150 men. The junks ranged in size from the flagship, with forty-two guns and 120 men, to a junk of six guns and thirty men. When the fighting was done, no fewer than 1700 of the pirates were killed, 400 more had been accounted for by Hwang, the mandarin, who had proved himself a gallant, active, and efficient ally, and a thousand were left to be handled by the Cochin-China authorities.

In a word, the task of suppression had been carried out with perfect success, and a strong and dangerous band of rovers, who had proved merciless pests in Chinese waters, were annihilated.

On November 1st the triumphant little squadron returned to Hong Kong, to have the joy of their victory marred by the news of the death of Admiral Collier, the officer to whose zeal and encouragement they owed so much of their success. There were many promotions, and the merchants who had benefited so largely by the crushing of the rovers showed their gratitude by presenting services of plate to the successful commanders.

Next month will be related the Story of Gettysburg, the fiercest battle in the American Civil War, from the narrative of Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.

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Real Life Romances.

Contributions to These Pages will Always be Welcomed.

The Frozen Pond.

THE STORY OF AN ACCIDENT.

A LARGE pond, with a bleak, icy wind sweeping across its frozen surface; around, the ground hard and whitened with frost. Such was the scene on the outskirts of Pontypridd upon a certain morning this year.

Over the grass ran three little girls—Mary Davies, Mary Good, and Julia Keefe—laughing and frolicking towards the pond. Their eyes sparkled with excitement. For was it not frozen over as hard as any brick; and wouldn't it be fun to make a great big slide?

One little girl placed a cautious foot on the ice. Not a sound nor a crack arose to warn them of any danger. So hand-in-hand the three children started on their journey over the frozen "plain."

Suddenly the ice cracked loudly, and, very much frightened, the children all started to run. And then—the ice opened wide, and they fell struggling into the water.

In that part the pond was deep, and only by clinging to the ice were they able to keep afloat. They screamed loudly for help. A startled man rushed to the pond. One glance showed him their danger.

Throwing himself upon the ice, Cadogan, for so the man was named, crawled towards the struggling children. One of the girls stretched out her hand to him. He seized it, endeavouring hard to drag her out to safety. But the ice gave way, and he was immersed to the neck in the water.

And now Thomas Wilson appeared. Following Cadogan's plan, he crawled on the ice, only to fall through a moment later. With desperate strength he managed to throw himself on the ice, and, seizing hold of Cadogan, succeeded in rescuing him.

By this time the news had spread to the village, and several men hurried to the spot, as well as the mothers of the three children. Soon a small and excited crowd had gathered, and some of the men rushed back to the village for ropes.

A thought came to Wilson. Long before the men could return with ladders, he realised that the half-frozen children must lose their hold upon the ice, and perish.

In a few quick words he explained a means of recovering the children, and volunteered himself to lead the way.

Each holding the other's hand, with Wilson at the front, the men broke through the ice. Slowly they drew near the children, now rendered unconscious by the icy water.

A cheer broke from the watchers on the bank, as Wilson clutched the first child in his arms. Back moved the living chain. A joyful mother rushed forward, and grasped her child to her heart.

Again the chain splashed through the water, and again slowly returned with the second senseless burden.

Another mother wept tears of joy.

Forward once more, their teeth chattering, their bodies numbed, the heroic chain returned, and the third little senseless and sodden child was soon laid in her mother's arms.

They screamed loudly for help.

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The Disused Shaft.

A PITEOUS howl startled Walter Hennessy, a boy living at Gorebridge, Midlothian. He looked round. Not a soul was in sight, no animal, not even a bird. Yet there it was again—a deep, long-drawn howl, apparently rising from the depths of the earth.

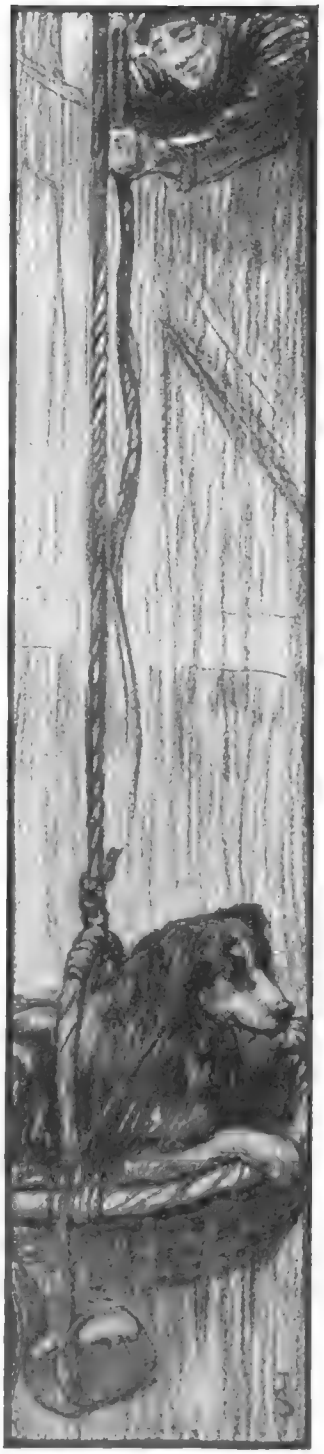
Near by lay a disused shaft. It was deep, and for some feet at the bottom filled with water. Running to the place, the boy threw himself on the ground and peered into the gloomy depths. At first he could see little. Then his eyes becoming more accustomed to the darkness, he made out the bedraggled form of a collie.

Seeing the boy, the dog whined plaintively. To Hennessy it sounded as a mute appeal for help, and he rushed back to his home. In his mind he had formed a plan to save the drowning collie. He wanted a basket, a long piece of rope, and some meat.

Having found these, he returned breathless and excited to the shaft.

First tying the rope to the handle of the basket, Hennessy placed a few scraps of the meat inside. Then he lowered it gently until it rested on a plank, of which there were several near the dog. At the sight of the meat the half-starved animal uttered a little bark of pleasure, and made for it ravenously. Hennessy watched anxiously. Would his plan succeed? At last, to his joy, the dog got completely inside the basket, and with a shout of triumph he began to haul up the rope.

For a few feet all went well. The dog lay still, paying little heed to the gallant



Slowly it neared the surface.

THE STORY OF A BOY AND A DOG.

effort that was being made for its rescue. Then, as the basket rose higher from the water, Hennessy noticed a rope attached to the collie's neck. It seemed to be dragging the animal down, and with a cry of dismay the boy saw his basket overturn, hurling its living burden back into the water.

Once more Hennessy baited the basket with the meat, and lowered it into the shaft. Time after time the collie scrambled in, but each time the heavy weight, dragging at the end of the rope, caused the basket to overbalance.

Thus two hours passed. Tired, but determined not to desert the drowning animal, the boy kept to his post. The shivering animal seemed to know that he had a friend in the boy.

Another hour passed. But the dog was no nearer to being saved. The heavy weight was too baffling.

At last, when he had begun to despair of rescuing the animal, for the light was fast failing, the dog scrambled inside—this time dragging in with it a large *stone*.

Again Hennessy pulled at the rope, as he had done a hundred times that afternoon. The basket swayed from side to side, but the dog clung to it tightly with its claws.

Slowly it neared the surface. The boy did not dare to hope. Victory had been near before, but never so near as now.

One more long pull, and he had won!

With a joyful bark the dog sprang from the basket, shook itself, then rushed towards its rescuer, licking his hands, and by every means in its power giving expression to its gratitude.

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Mid Life and Death.

A CHANNEL ISLANDS ADVENTURE.

THE towering cliffs of Alderney form the scene of this romance, and Bert Lantze, an Australian, is the chief person concerned.

One morning last January, Lantze had set out to walk along the cliff. Nothing would have happened had not Fate put it into his mind to descend to the beach.

Picking his way with great caution, for he realised that the feat was no light one, he succeeded in reaching a point midway between the summit and the sea. Here the descent became well-nigh impossible, the cliff rising up sheer, almost as a wall.

But Lantze unhesitatingly pursued his course. Suddenly he felt himself slipping. A cold horror came over him, and he clutched frantically at a passing shrub. It came away in his hand, torn up by the roots. Then a jutting spur of the cliff flew upwards, and he clutched at it.

The sudden check to his fall almost wrenched his arms from their sockets. But he held on grimly. After a while his breath returned, and he climbed painfully on to his slender perch.

Balancing himself on the spur, he searched eagerly up and down the shore. Not a soul was in sight. Above his head he could see the towering cliff and a few yards of the path which he had so incautiously left.

The morning passed into the afternoon.

At last, when he had almost given himself over to despair, he saw a figure walking on the cliff overhead. He shouted with all his might. To the anxious man it seemed that his lungs had lost their strength. The figure paused, glancing from right to left. Again Lantze shouted. This time the figure heard, and looked down the precipice.

It came away in his hand, torn up by the roots.

In a few shouted words Lantze told his plight. The doctor, for such the stranger proved to be, realised that alone he could do nothing. So, shouting encouragement to the helpless man, he hastened away for assistance.

An hour went by. The wind blew mercilessly on the waiting man, numbing his limbs until he scarcely felt that he possessed any. He was faint with hunger, and the keen air made him drowsy. Then his thoughts began to wander. Far below the sea murmured seductively. He would not have cared if he had fallen.

A shout came from overhead, but he did not heed. Men stood at the top of the cliff, peering cautiously down at him. He could hear the doctor's voice, urging the men to make haste. Then he became aware of someone bending over him. Something was passed round his body. A shout came from the top of the cliff, and he felt himself swung into space. It all seemed like a dream, but somehow he knew that it was real.

When at length he opened his eyes, he found himself lying on his back with a crowd of islanders standing round. Beside him knelt the doctor.

"Where am I?" Lantze asked.

"You are safe, my friend," the other replied. "But you had a narrow escape. Had we been five minutes later, it would have been down there that we should have found you," and he pointed significantly at the sea.

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The sailors on guard lashed and jabbed at their blunt heads.

Hunted by Sharks.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

"BREAKERS ahead!" The cry rose from the drenched figure of the forward watch.

It was the late autumn two years ago. Borne by the storm, the schooner *Victor* was fast being driven towards an island that loomed large behind a foaming belt of breakers. On the bridge stood Captain Roslyn, pale and powerless to save his ship.

At last the schooner struck. An instant Captain Roslyn hesitated, then feeling the ship was lost, he ordered the men to the boat.

As the schooner sank beneath the waves, Captain Roslyn decided that the only chance of safety lay in steering for Papeete, the port of Tahiti.

Many miles of ocean would have to be traversed before they reached their destination. Captain Roslyn, realising this, took possession of the scant provision on board—a small keg of water, a few biscuits, and half-a-dozen cocoa-nuts, At midday he served out the daily allowance—scarcely equal to one ordinary meal.

Thus five days passed. In that time a change had come on all faces. Worn with long hours at the oars, sleeping little because of their discomforts, the men had become haggard. And to make matters worse, the water supply was exhausted.

The storm by now had spent its fury. But a new terror was in store for the shipwrecked sailors. Three days before they had seen the long fin of a monster shark moving quickly through the water. All through the morning the creature followed, sometimes circling rapidly round the little boat, at other times swimming close behind.

On the next day two sharks appeared, and so day by day their numbers were increased, until all around the little boat the water was lashed by a great horde of hungry sharks.

Impatient for their prey, the sharks speedily became bolder. At first the men were able to keep them at a distance by merely splashing their oars; but this soon lost its terrors.

And then began many fierce battles between the shipwrecked crew and sharks. Reducing the rowers to one-half, Captain Roslyn ordered the others to stand ready with their oars to resist the fierce fishes' attacks.

At times the struggle became desperate. A score of dark fins would dash through the water, endeavouring their utmost to upset the boat. Shouting loudly, the sailors on guard lashed and jabbed at their blunt heads. Oars were splintered in the fray, but the sharks were baulked.

Dawn each day heralded the renewal of the struggle.

On the tenth day Papeete was sighted.

As if knowing that their prey was drawing fast to safety, the sharks tried to capsize the boat. Five times the little craft was lifted from the sea, but each time kept her keel.

Filled with new hope at the sight of houses in the distance, the men fought furiously, whilst those at the oars pulled harder, forgetful of their scarred hands and blistered backs.

Early the next day a small boat crept into Papeete harbour, whilst out to sea a large school of sharks sullenly ploughed their way, baffled and hungry.

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The Frozen Ship.

A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC.

A FIERCE wind shrieked over the schooner *Amanda*, sailing from Newfoundland. On the bridge, clad in oilskins, stood Captain Fitzgerald. Beside him was the mate. An anxious look rested on both men's faces. Before them the sea rose in a great, white-capped, heaving mass, and dark clouds moved swiftly across the sky.

Sails reefed to their fullest, the *Amanda* rushed forward. The waves bore down upon her, and hurled themselves against her side.

Off St. John's the gale became a hurricane. The thermometer sank low in its bulb, and the spray, dashed high in the rigging, froze instantly, covering the spars and rigging with a thick icy coat. On deck the ice lay a foot in thickness. Huge masses hung from the bridge, and the rails bent under the weight.

A cry arose. The carpenter rushed to Captain Fitzgerald. His face was white. In quick, shouted words he told of an awful discovery. The ship had sprung a leak!

The pumps were quickly manned. All night the men laboured.

Morning brought no hope. There were now four feet of water in the well.

On board the ice now weighed many tons. All form of ship had vanished. It looked almost like an iceberg.

Hopelessness marked every countenance. With the water in her hold dragging her down, and the ever-growing ice pressing heavily on the deck, the ship lay on the verge of foundering.

Realising the desperateness of their plight, the captain ordered the vessel to be lightened. Anchors were cast overboard, cables, even the cargo, in the effort to raise her a few inches higher in the water.

On the fifth day of the storm, when the crew were almost ready to throw themselves down and let Fate work its way, a long black cloud appeared on the horizon. A ship was in sight.

A large vessel approached, moving rapidly through the waves. As she drew near, the watch on board the frost-bound schooner saw she was the Atlantic Transport Company's liner *Mesaba*. From her bridge her captain stared with amazement at the strange sight of what at first looked like an iceberg, then resolved into a little ship embedded in ice, and flying signals of distress.

A boat shot from the *Mesaba's* side, and made rapidly towards the *Amanda*. At the sight of it the wearied men raised a feeble cheer, then rushed off to collect the more precious of their belongings.

One by one they climbed over the ice-covered bulwarks and slid down to the little boat that lay tossing at the stern. Only Captain Fitzgerald hesitated. A thought was in his mind. He dare not leave his ship—a derelict, drifting in the track of many ocean liners. The schooner must be destroyed.

Without a word he turned on his heels, and descended to his cabin. In a few minutes dense volumes of smoke poured from the hatches.

Then the captain joined his comrades.

One by one . . . they slid down to the little boat.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

A letter from a competitor in one of "Mr. X's" competitions. The second sentence strikes "Mr. X" as so witty and so true of all solutions to problems and puzzles that he immediately sent the writer a puzzle-penknife: "Dear 'Mr. X,' when you come to Xamine the entries in this Xciting competition you will, I Xpect, have Xceptional difficulty in Xtracting those which are most Xpert. It is Xtraordinary how Xtremely easy this Xample appears when Xecuted, yet how Xcessively Xasperating it was to Xpound."

Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

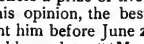
A SHILLING A WORD.

An anagram is a word or sentence constructed by transposing the letters in another word or sentence. Sometimes these anagrams are extraordinarily appropriate, and in constructing them that should be aimed at.

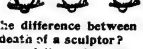
Good examples are:

Astronomers = no more stars.
Sweetheart = there we sat.
Telegraph = great help.
Masquerade = queer as mad.

"Mr. X" offers a prize of five shillings for what is, in his opinion, the best set of five anagrams sent him before June 20th. Letters should be addressed to "'Mr. X,' care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C."



Q. What is the difference between the death of a barber and the death of a sculptor?
A. One curls up and dies; the other makes faces and busts.



COULEUR DE ROSE.

TOM: "I say, have you seen the rose-coloured swans in St. James' Park?"

JOHN: "No; are there any?"

TOM: "Why not go and see." (John goes. Next day he again meets Tom.)

JOHN: "I say, Tom, you funny idiot, there are no rose-coloured swans."

TOM: "Oh, is that so? Haven't you ever seen a white rose?"

"MR. X'S" OFFICE-BOY.

THE OFFICE-BOY: "If you please, sir, and beggin' your pardon, why is a sheet of ruled notepaper like a lazy little dog?"

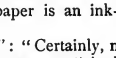
"MR. X": "I'm afraid I don't know, my boy."

THE OFFICE-BOY: "Well, sir, a sheet of ruled notepaper is an ink-lined plane, isn't it?"

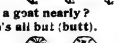
"MR. X": "Certainly, most certainly."

THE OFFICE-BOY: "And an inclined plane is a slope-up, sir—slow pup, d'you see."

"MR. X": "Leave the room at once."

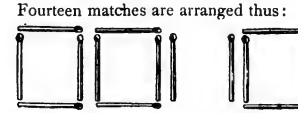


Q. When is a goat nearly?
A. When he's all but (butt).

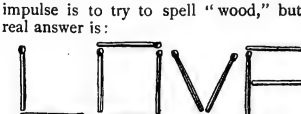


A MATCH-MAKING PROBLEM.

Fourteen matches are arranged thus:



The problem is, by removing two matches and altering the position of three, to show what "matches" are made of. The natural impulse is to try to spell "wood," but the real answer is:



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An Easy Job.

FITZQUICK: "If a man has a notice-board with 'To be let or sold' on it, but wishes only to sell his house, how can he change the notice to that effect without removing more than one letter?"

FITZSLOW: "He couldn't."

FITZQUICK: "Of course he could—by taking out the 'let or.'"

Q. Which part of a fish is like the end of a book?
A. Why, the

FIN-IS.

Popping the Question.

Smith loved Miss Daphne Dimple. Smith was terribly shy. Smith had a turn for making rhymes. Very well. One day whilst poor Smith was trying to summon up his courage to ask the time-worn question, Miss Daphne said:

"A penny for your thoughts."

That was Smith's chance. "I am thinking," he said, "about

What you under foot do tread,
What some people use for bread.
Add the thing all misers crave,
And my thoughts at once you have."

Mat, rye, money—matrimony.

Arithmetic Extraordinary.

HICKS MINOR: "Well, you *are* dull. Why, next you'll say that a cat has not got three tails."

JONES MINOR: "Certainly. A cat has not got three tails."

HICKS MINOR: "That's all you know. Now, look here, one cat has got one more tail than no cat, hasn't it?"

JONES MINOR: "Naturally."

HICKS MINOR: "Well, no cat has got two tails, has it?"

JONES MINOR: "No."

HICKS MINOR: "Well, then, one cat must have three tails."

A New Solution.

SHARPE: "Why does a miller buy a white hat?"

FLATTE: "Oh, that *is* so old. To keep his head warm, of course."

SHARPE: "Quite, quite wrong. He buys it because he can't get it for nothing."

RESULTS.

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 9.

Here "Mr. X" required proof that (1) A bat is a ball; (2) A brush is a comb; (3) A chair is a rabbit. Hundreds of competitors found no difficulty over the first and second; very few tackled the third at all successfully except by aid of puns. "Mr. X" is (or thought he was) hardened to puns, but some of those sent in in this competition set his teeth chattering. If the Editor were away on his summer holiday "Mr. X" would publish a few of the worst; as it is, he does not.

A selection of "proofs":

That a bat is a ball:

A bat is a spliced willow.
A spliced willow is a gardener's feat.
Gardeners' feet are the usual size.
The usual sigh's a tiny sound.
A tiny sound is a cricket bawl.

A bat is an animal.
An animal is a man.
A man is a flirt. (*That remark is a libel.*—ED. ROYAL.
To flirt is a pastime.
A pastime is a dance.
A dance is a ball.

That a brush is a comb:

A "brush" is a short engagement.
A short engagement is a lover's choice.
A lover choice is a soldier.
A soldier is a man of war.
A man-o'-war is the birthplace of "A.B."
The birthplace of a bee is a comb.

A brush is a tail.
A tale is a yarn.
A yarn is an experience of the sea.
An experience of the sea is a swell.
A swell is a coxcomb.
A cock's comb is a comb.

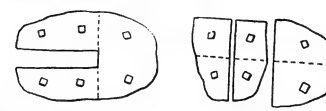
That a chair is a rabbit:

A chair is a conveyance.
A conveyance is a carriage.
A carriage is a trap.
A trap is a mouse catcher.
A mouse catcher is toasted cheese.
Toasted cheese is a (Welsh) rabbit.

A chair is a seat.
A seat is a rest.
A "rest" is a musical sign.
A musical sign is long hair.
A long hare isn't a rabbit (but it's next door to one).

The three prizes of five shillings each go to **Mr. James B. Atkin**, 14 Lomond Avenue, Fairview, Dublin; **Miss B. M. Chevallier**, The Grange, Wetherington, near Stowmarket, Suffolk; and **Mrs. R. A. Craig**, 6 Hanover Terrace, Ladbroke Square, London, W.

Here is the solution to the Match and Potato Puzzle, which appeared on page 551 in the April number:—



FIRST CUT. SECOND CUT.

To arrive at the solution to the match puzzle on page 77 last month, take away the two matches from each of the two bottom corners and the centre match of the top row; three squares will then be left.

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Clean Bowled

A Cricket Match that Resulted in Another Match.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

"A telegram for you, Miss."

"Oh, how awfully provoking," exclaimed Gertrude Kershaw. "What do you think, Charlie? Katie Harding wires to say she won't be able to come to-morrow."

"Not come?" chimed in her sister Alice. "What are we to do? We depended on her more than anyone."

"You girls stand to lose the match now, I fancy," said their brother; "Kate is quite a 'pro.' isn't she?"

"Oh, isn't it horrid!" said Gertrude. "You know," she added, turning to a young man who was wondering what it all meant, "we've got a cricket match to-morrow, ladies against gentlemen."

"Gentlemen to play left-handed, and umpires strictly warned not to give any decision against the fair sex on pain of incurring the displeasure of the whole team," interrupted her brother.

"Oh, do shut up, Charlie, and let me tell Mr. Strange. Well, just as it's all been arranged nicely——"

"New skirts and blouses for the occasion," interposed Charlie.

"Our best player can't come. It's a shame. Who can we ask instead?"

"There's positively nobody," replied her sister; "we've had trouble enough to get the girls together as it is."

"Here's a chance for you, Phil," said Charlie to Strange, "you're a first-rate cricketer, I know."

"But the gap is on the ladies' side," replied Strange.

"Exactly. That's what I mean. Couldn't we rig you up as a girl?"

"What!" chorused the others.

"It's a ripping idea," went on the young man, "I've seen you play a girl's part, Phil, before now."

"Very likely," replied the other, "but playing before the footlights and out in a green field under the bare sun are two different things."

"Nonsense, old man, Look here, you girls, you've got some togs that will do for him. He's not tall, you see, and a bit of rope tied round his waist under his blouse, would give him quite a figure."

"Oh, thanks!" said the victim.

"But—but, *could* you do it?" asked the girls.

"Do it? Of course he can," said their brother. "There's nothing simpler. Listen, Phil. You've only come down here to-day, and no one, but ourselves, has seen you yet.

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We'll keep you in strict seclusion to-night, and meanwhile you girls can give it out that Katie's failed you, but that you've got hold of a substitute. And to-morrow, old chap, we'll take you in triumph on the field."

"Oh, *do* play, Mr. Strange," said Gertrude. "It will be such fun."

"Well," laughed Philip Strange, "I came down here to take a few days' rest, but it seems I've a part cut out for me at once. I'll do it, Charlie. I'll wire for a wig to be sent down by the first train to-morrow. As to the costume—I distinctly object to the rope; otherwise I'm in your hands."

So that evening was devoted to preparation. Philip Strange was an old college friend of Charlie Kershaw. While the latter had settled down as a country squire in an old family house, without the walls of the sleepy city of Yatminster, living with his two sisters, the former had discarded the Bar to which he had been called, and was finding the histrionic art more paying than haunting the law courts as a briefless barrister. He was twenty-eight years old, a man with a vein of subtle humour that had earned him his position at the Sceptre Theatre.

When he appeared, later on, in a dark blue skirt cut a bit above the ankles, a white blouse, and a sailor hat, all declared that he only wanted a wig to complete the effect, and when the said wig arrived the next morning, and Charlie's sisters had manœuvred its golden locks into the latest fashion, he looked his *rôle* to perfection.

"Now," said Charlie before they started, "don't put too much strength into your play; don't forget that falsetto voice of yours; don't ——"

"Oh, stop it, Charlie. You'll make me nervous."

"I was going to say don't forget to behave yourself in a seemly and lady-like manner at lunch. Both teams lunch together in the marquee, you know; and, remember you're Lucy Finch."

He was duly introduced to the ladies of the team by Gertrude Kershaw.

"Wasn't it fortunate," she said, "that we were able to get her at the last moment, when Kittie Harding failed us?"

"Oh, how *good* of you to come!" exclaimed the others. "Have you played much cricket?"

"Oh, lots," replied the young actor; "but I've never played with ladies—er—that is, I mean this is the first time I've played in a match of this size. By George!" he added, under his breath, "I shall put my foot in it if I'm not careful."

"Miss Finch plays beautifully, I assure you," said Alice Kershaw.

"Come along," shouted someone outside the marquee, "put your men—I mean your girls in. We're all ready, and you've got first innings."

Gertrude Kershaw and another girl strolled consciously to the creases, their bats tucked under their arms. Philip was joined by Charlie outside the tent, and the two stood watching the preliminaries of the game.

"Capital, old man," began the latter, "you'll never be spotted, if you're careful."

"I hope not . . . Hullo, Charlie! I say, who's that chap standing at point? Surely his name's Roberts, isn't it?"

"That's the man. Do you know him?"

"Yes I do,—oh, rather!"

"How?"

"My dear chap, he's got the sweetest, loveliest little daughter it's possible to imagine. We met last summer. It was a case of love at first sight, with the usual accompaniments of proposal, acceptance—and——"

"A marriage to come! I'd no idea of it, Phil; let me congrat——"

"Stop. There's a necessary event between acceptance and marriage that's occasionally awkward."

"What's that?"

"The *interview*, dear boy. I sought her respected father . . . . Oh, well caught, sir!"

"Phil, for Heaven's sake, shut up. You mustn't bawl like that; you'll give the show away."

"Awfully sorry. Well, as I was saying, I sought that good man who's just caught your sister out, with the result that he absolutely forbade me to have anything to do with his daughter."

"Why?"

"Said he couldn't allow her to marry a 'play actor.' Those were his words. I tell you, old man, it's driven me wild. The worst of it is there's no one in the family to back me up. He's a widower, you know. How is it he's playing here?"

"He's staying with Boxall—the bowler—yonder, he's a great chum of his. But is he likely to recognise you, Phil?"

"Not he, my make-up's too good. Hallo, I'm in. Now for a lark!"

He slowly walked to the pitch and took his "centre." The bowler gave him an underhand twister, which broke straight for the wicket.

"Well blocked, Miss!"

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A second ball came temptingly. He cut it neatly past point.

"Well cut—oh, well run, indeed!"

Three were scored and "over" called. The next ball was a lob. Strange caught it well on the centre of his bat and sent it skying over the head of long-off.

"Oh, hit indeed!"

A boundary. The scorer jotted down four.

"Gertrude," said one of her friends, "she must be a professional player. Where *did* you get her?"

"Ah, I told you she'd do well. Look—three more!"

"How's that umpire?"

"Out!"

Strange's partner was stumped. Another followed and blocked the next two balls. Then "over" was called and the score went up again. In the end Strange was "not out," the total score was eighty-three, of which he had contributed over sixty.

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Roberts," said Gertrude, "he's an enthusiastic cricketer, and he's longing to make your acquaintance."

There was no help for it, and Philip bowed as best he could.

"Really, Miss Finch, I have never seen such fine play from a lady before. You must have had great practice at the game?"

"Oh, I've had a little. You see, when one has brothers ——"

"Exactly. It's a pleasure to me to see ladies taking an interest in the national game. My daughter, for instance, won't look at cricket. This hateful lawn tennis has spoilt things."

Mr. Roberts was just under fifty, good-looking, and with a decided leaning towards the feminine society. He stole a glance or two at Strange's face. The latter had fine features, and made a distinctly pretty girl. Mr. Roberts managed to sit next to her at lunch.

"What will you take to drink, miss?" asked a waiter.

"Whisky and so——I mean, ginger beer," answered the maiden.

Mr. Roberts looked at her askance a moment, but his fair partner was perfectly self-possessed. A wicked thought had taken root in the young actor's brain. He kept up a lively conversation during lunch, and afterwards, in the interval before the next innings, contrived to draw Mr. Roberts outside for a saunter round the field.

"Do you mind my smoking?" asked the latter, drawing out his cigar case.

"Not at all. I'm simply longing myself for a—smell of tobacco. My brothers smoke, you know, and I'm used to it."

"You seem a trifle unconventional!"

"Well, perhaps so. But you don't think I'm any the worse for it?"

"Not at all. It's a pleasure to meet a girl who has no nonsense about her—these modern young women——"

"Oh, what can you mean by saying that, Mr. Roberts? You don't look old enough to talk about these modern young women?"

"Well, er—perhaps not, perhaps not. Are you making a long stay in Yatminster?"

"Not very. I've only come down to play in this match. I suppose you and your wife and family live here?"

"I, er, am a widower. No, I, too, am only staying here."

"What a singular coincidence that we should both be staying here, and both so fond of cricket! Do you know, I often feel about the young men of the day what you feel about our sex. There is so little stability about them. Now *I* prefer a man when he's over forty. He's so much more sensible at that age."

The young actor shot a tender glance at his companion. Before the latter could reply Charlie came up.

"You're wanted, Miss Finch. The team's just going out."

"Charlie," said the other, as they left Mr. Roberts to smoke his cigar and meditate on the fine young woman who had just left him, "I want you to do me a favour. Can you ask Boxall and this old widower in to-night?"

"But, my dear chap, Roberts will recognise you."

"No he won't, I shall keep up my character. *Do* ask them; and let me play my own little game."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear chap, he's falling in love with me. I *know* he is. And I'm going to lead him on."

Charlie looked at his friend and roared.

"It's a fact. And, look here; surely there are five minutes before we need begin. For Heaven's sake get me a whisky and soda and a cigarette."

"All right, my boy. Come in this tent. There's no one here. I'll slip round with it."

"My dear," exclaimed one of the Yatminster gossips a little later to a friend, "I assure you it's a fact. *I* peeped in the tent myself, and there was that friend of the Kershaws—Miss Finch, I think her name is—sitting on a table smoking and drinking. Who *can* they have got hold of?"

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If the play of the pseudo Lucy Finch created excitement when she held the bat, the excitement increased fourfold when she went into the field. She astonished the onlookers with the neatness and certainty with which she picked up and returned the ball, and when she made a spring at a high catch and held the ball with her left hand, and the captain of the "gentlemen" slowly walked back to the pavilion, a perfect uproar of cheering arose.

Finally she was put on to bowl, with a whispered injunction from Gertrude Kershaw not to forget she was a girl, and to bowl underhand. Roberts happened to be at the wicket, and Strange sent him a beautiful twister that broke in as he stepped out to play it, and caught his middle stump just below the bails. Altogether Strange took five wickets, and the "gentlemen" went out for fifty-eight.

"Charlie, *why* did you ask those two men in to-night?" demanded his sister as they all left the field together. "We can't possibly let them see Mr. Strange."

"It's my fault," replied the latter, "I asked Charlie to do it. I want you to let me spend the rest of the day in feminine attire."

"It's all right, Gerty," said her brother, "Phil's got a little game on. He's played well enough for you to-day and now you must let him play for himself. Tell them your plan, Phil."

Strange explained.

"I know it's not quite fair on you," he said, "but you see it's a chance, and I shall rely on your generosity."

"Oh, it *will* be fun," said Alice. "I hope it will be all right, though."

"I told them not to dress, as it would only be supper with a lounge in the garden afterwards," said Charlie, "so that Phil can stick to his fetching costume."

They could scarcely refrain from laughing during the meal when they noticed the attention Mr. Roberts paid the lady cricketer. Strange acted his part to perfection; and when they went into the garden, easily managed to draw his victim into a sequestered summer house.

In the course of conversation he casually mentioned his "profession." Roberts inquired what it was.

"Didn't the Kershaws tell you? I'm—I'm on the stage, you know."

"Really? I'd no idea."

"Yes, one must work for one's living—though I often wish I could give it up for a quiet home," sighed the arch deceiver. "You don't think any the worse of a woman for being an actress?"

"No, no. Why should I? I've the greatest respect for those who are trying to earn their living in the struggle of life."

He was growing sentimental.

"I'm—I'm on the stage, you know."

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He would not have felt so happy could he have seen his charmer smoking a huge briar pipe.

"Yes, life *is* a struggle, Mr. Roberts," murmured his companion.

The widower edged a little nearer.

"Where are you acting?" he asked.

"Oh, I play under another name—and—it's a secret."

"Won't you trust me with your secret?" The moonlight gave a glamour to the moment, and the susceptible Roberts thought it had never shone on a prettier face. His hand, somehow, touched hers.

"Why do you want to know?" she asked, removing her hand.

"I should like to see you act—if I might?"

There was a moment's silence, then she said:

"I am playing in a new piece at the Sceptre the week after next. It is called 'The Assignation'; you can see me there—no, I won't tell you my part, nor my stage name; you must find them out. You'll know me again, won't you?" she added, looking earnestly into his face.

"Yes, yes; of course I shall."

"Now, we must get back to the house," said his companion, springing up; "they'll wonder what has become of us."

"Won't you give me ——?"

"What?"

"That flower?"

"Oh, certainly—if you wish it."

"Thanks—I hope we shall meet again. I shall go and see 'The Assignation.' Might I write to you, Miss Finch?"

Charlie bit his lip. He said afterwards he thought he should have screamed.

"I'm sure I don't know what you want to write about. Of course, you can if you like. But don't expect an answer."

"And your address?"

"Oh, a letter directed care of Char—of Gertrude, Miss Kershaw, you know, will find me. Now, we *must* go back. They're calling us."

He took her hand for a moment as they strolled back, and was rewarded with a distinct squeeze. But he would not have felt so happy could he have seen his charmer smoking a huge briar pipe half-an-hour afterwards, and recounting his experiences amid roars of laughter.

* * * * *

"My dear," said Mr. Roberts to his daughter, some ten days later, "I've—er—in fact I've taken a box at the Sceptre Theatre for Thursday evening. Would you like to come?"

"You've taken a box at the Sceptre, father!"

"Yes. There's nothing very extraordinary in that, is there?"

To Maud's eyes there was something decidedly extraordinary. In the first place it was trouble enough to get her father to take her to a theatre at all, especially after he had refused to consider Philip Strange's proposal. In the second place she knew very well that the said Philip Strange was in the new piece at the Sceptre, acting under his professional name of Vincent Rudolph.

"I should like to go very much, father. What is the piece?"

"'The Assignation,'" replied her father. "And a very good title, too," he thought.

And so thought his daughter.

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And so thought Philip Strange as he glanced up at the boxes on the eventful evening and caught a glimpse of a pair of sweet eyes fixed on him.

Her father's eyes were not fixed on anyone in particular. One after the other, he was scanning the features of all the female characters in the piece. But under none of their disguises could he trace the faintest resemblance to the girl he had met on the Yatminster cricket field.

The curtain was hardly down on the first act when there came a tap at the door of Mr. Roberts' box, and an attendant entered with a note.

"I will wait for an answer, sir,"

Mr. Roberts blushed crimson as he tore open the note and read these words:

"Come behind, and see me.—LUCY FINCH."

"What is it, father?"

"Nothing, Maud. I'm wanted for a minute or two, outside. You wait here."

He rose and followed the attendant, who took him behind the scenes. They stopped at a door.

"You'll find him inside, sir."

"*Him?* Who on earth do you mean?"

"Mr. Rudolph, sir," and he opened the door.

"Come in, Mr. Roberts."

Quite bewildered, the widower entered the dressing-room and found himself face to face with Philip Strange, who had thrown off the wig of the character he was impersonating, and was indulging in some light refreshments.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Roberts!"

"What—what is the meaning of this?"

"You wouldn't allow me to visit you, so I thought I'd take the liberty of inviting you here."

"Sir—I won't stand——"

"No? Sit down then. There's a chair. Now, Mr. Roberts, let us get to business at once. You came here expecting to see Lucy Finch?"

"How on earth do you know?" began the unfortunate widower.

"Very simply. *I* am Lucy Finch."

"You?"

"Exactly. To put the matter in a nutshell, I consented to act the part of a girl in that match at Yatminster, in place of Miss Harding. Do you see?"

"You scoundrel!" cried the infuriated Mr. Roberts.

Philip laughed.

"You didn't call me a scoundrel in the garden that night when you pressed my hand, eh?"

"I'll have nothing to do——"

"Pardon me for interrupting you; but what a charming little note that was you sent me——"

"What—what is the meaning of this?"

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"I won't stay any longer to be insulted in this manner."

"Excuse me! Before you go I want to point out to you what a delicious little story this will make. The Society papers will simply rave over it."

"Sir!"

"We might head it—'The Widower and the Actress'—eh!"

"Confound you!"

"And we could publish that letter you wrote."

"Look here, Mr. Strange; let there be an end to this. You've played me a dirty and a shabby trick. What's your reason for it?"

Philip Strange paused a moment.

"Only that I want to marry your daughter," he said.

"Are you mad?" almost shrieked Roberts.

"Not at all. Look at things in a sensible light. You refused me your daughter because I'm an actor. You met me by pure accident, under a disguise. You began to flirt with me. I told you plainly that I was on the stage, but that made no difference to your attentions. You wrote to me. You came here to see me. Mr. Roberts, you are not consistent. Can you blame me if I have used this little subterfuge to prove your want of logic?"

Roberts muttered something beneath his breath.

"Now, if you give your consent to our engagement, I promise you this silly affair shall never go outside the little circle that knows of it. Refuse, and you will be the laughing stock of Society."

In vain the other argued, expostulated, stormed, and intreated. Strange was firm.

The call boy tapped at the door.

"I must go now," said the actor, putting on his wig. "But my part is nearly over. Then I shall change and come round to your box. Think it over, and when you've done so, you'll be generous, and forgive me."

Mr. Roberts returned to his box bewildered and cornered. He took no more interest in the play. He would have gone home at once, only he feared to move lest the scandal should be started.

At length his daughter heard him ejaculate, "He's fairly done me—confound him!"

"Maud," he added, after a pause, "do you know who this Vincent Rudolph is?"

"Yes, father."

"And do you still care for him?"

"You know I do," she answered softly.

"Umph!"

The act drop was nearly falling when a tap came at the door.

"May I come in?"

"Yes—Ah, good evening Mr. Strange. You've kept your appointment. Maud, this is a little surprise for you."

"Philip, what does this mean?"

"That your father has consented to our engagement—eh, Mr. Roberts?"

"I've changed my mind, Maud. I found Mr. Strange was—a first-rate cricketer—and—you know my keenness for the game. We met the other day—under somewhat peculiar circumstances—and, well, the result is——"

"That you've brought me here to-night to meet him! Oh, you dear old dad."

"Not exactly," muttered her father to himself. "But," he added, "the theatre is emptying. Strange, you'll come and have supper with us?"

"Under somewhat different circumstances from our last one," whispered Philip as they went out.

"Hush!" said his future father-in-law. "Not a word of that—I'll try to forgive you—you dog—you clean bowled me—twice!"

What is "Printer's Pie"?

"PRINTER'S PIE" is a printer's term meaning type that has been "pied," i.e., all the letters of the alphabet have got mixed up together. But "Printer's Pie," the festival souvenir of the Printers' Pension Corporation for 1905, is quite a different thing. The skill of the printer, and the best work of the greatest names in the literature and art of the day combine to make it the most sumptuous publication of the year. It contains eight beautiful coloured plates, is edited by Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, and contains contributions, literary and artistic, by the Duke of Argyll, Katharine Tynan, Jerome K. Jerome, F. Anstey, H. W. Lucy, Max Pemberton, G. R. Sims, Barry Pain, C. Dana Gibson, John Hassall, Will Owen, Lance Thackeray, Dudley Hardy, and a host of others. The claims of the Printers' Pension Corporation—to swell whose funds the entire proceeds of "Printer's Pie" will be devoted—to the help and sympathy of all who read as well as of all who write cannot be overestimated, and we earnestly recommend our readers to contribute their share by purchasing a copy of "Printer's Pie," which is now on sale at 1s.

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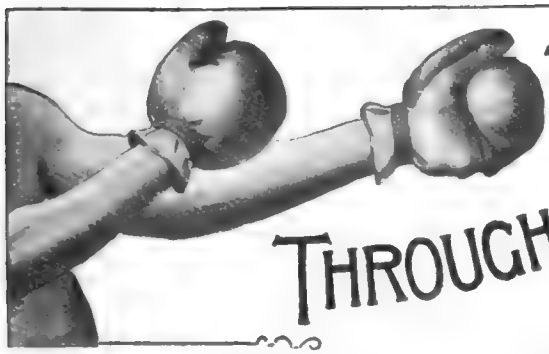

THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

No. XVI.—THE BOXER.

In this Article are Given the Impressions of a Professional Boxer during a Big Fight, and an Account of the Training which he Undergoes Preparatory to a Battle with Gloves.

By A. E. Johnson.

Stripped to the buff, a sweater thrown over my shoulders, I sit on a stool in my corner of the ring. With my three seconds standing round me, I listen to final injunctions and advice, while the light gloves are fastened on my hands. There is a buzz and murmur from the close-packed tiers of seats filling the theatre, which swelled into a rattle of applause just now, as I climbed through the ropes.

I glance round the ring. Hemming it in on every side are great sloping banks of spectators, row upon row of faces, confusedly seen, rising above each other, the faces of the lowermost row just peeping above the edge of the raised flooring of the stage. From the balconies above more faces, leaning over, peer down upon the square white patch inclosed by a double barrier of ropes—the scene of the coming battle. It is as though we were to fight in a cleared space at the bottom of a living well.

As the presiding official steps into the ring, the buzz of conversation is hushed. In clear, incisive tones he announces the conditions governing the fight—the number of rounds, our respective weights, and so forth. Then, with a gesture of the hand towards each in turn, he introduces us by name, and retires.

"Seconds out!" exclaims the timekeeper. With a last admonition, my attendants step through the ropes. "Time!" I rise, walk across the ring, and meet my opponent in the middle. A brief handshake as we pass, and turning, we face each other, alert, on guard. The fight has begun.

Thereafter the scene around me vanishes. Remains only the double barrier inclosing the resin-sprinkled ring, with now and then a fleeting glimpse of my seconds' heads peering anxiously through the ropes, and watching with tense excitement every movement.

My mind is concentrated upon one thing, and one alone—my opponent. My eyes are glued to his, his to mine. I dare not shift my gaze for an instant; for by a man's eyes, and by them only, can you perceive his intention.

Every move of my opponent I can divine before he puts it into execution. It may be that, with bewildering swiftness, his straight left or his heavy right cross-counter will be in before I can guard it; but I shall have seen it coming, none the less.

Sparring stealthily, we circle round each other, watching keenly for an opening. An opportunity seems to present itself. Quick to seize it, I lead; but the blow is stopped. His guard has been as ready as my attack. On the instant he counters with his left; but for that I am prepared, and his glove is warded off. No result, therefore.

But presently, as we spar cautiously on, his guard drops momentarily. Like a flash my left is out, and with joy I feel it land full in his face. Springing back, I am beyond his reach before he can retaliate. His face is wry; and in truth it was a hard blow, as I know well, for I drove it home with all my weight behind it. First score to me. The exultant thought whips me on. My nervousness is dispelled.

A few moments later, and again I see an opening. Out shoots the straight left again. But this time my opponent is not to be caught napping. He slips to one side, and my fist shoots harmlessly over his shoulder. At the same instant his right, brought across with a

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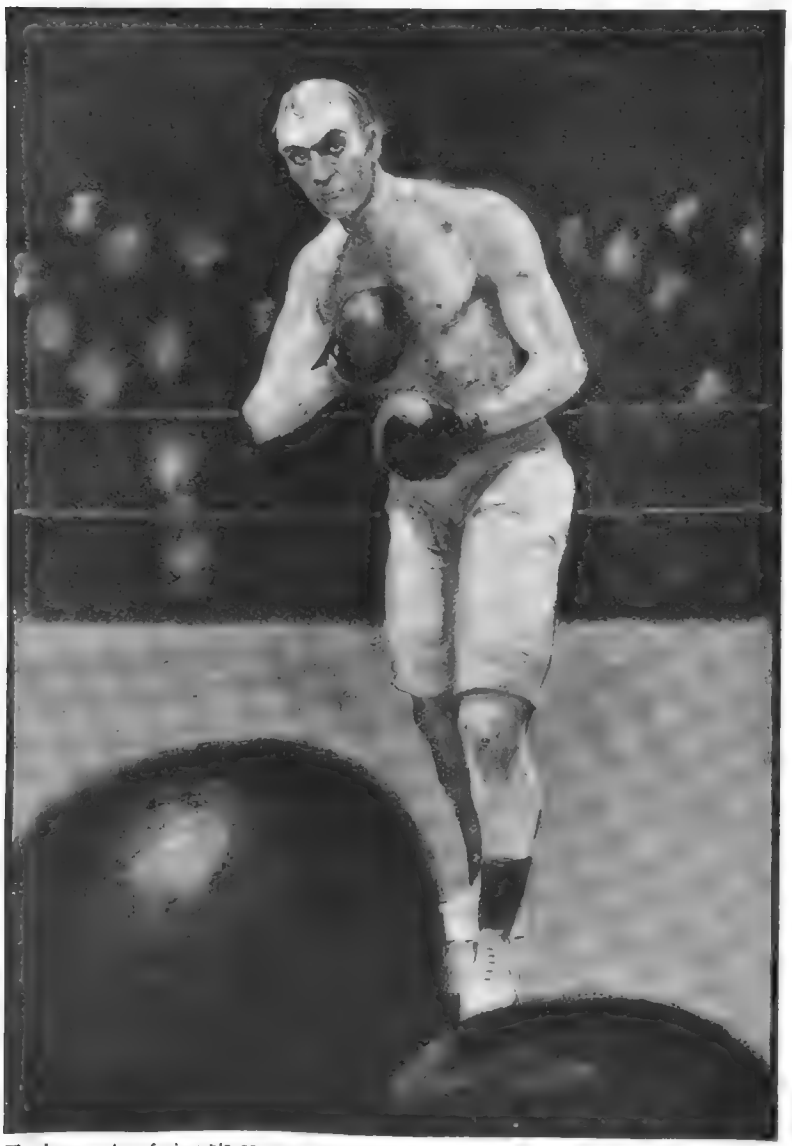
powerful swing, lands with a heavy smack on the side of my head. The impact half swings me round, and the stunning force of the blow for the moment dazes me. But instinctively I skip out of danger, and in a trice am on guard again, waiting to receive or deliver another attack.

So the first round passes, with fluctuating fortunes. Now I feel my blows, true-aimed and hard-driven, go home as they should; now I reel beneath a staggering smack on the nose, that brings the water to my eyes and makes all swim before me, or gasp involuntarily from a heavy punch on the mark—that mysterious point which lies, good reader, almost immediately behind the third button from the bottom of your waiscoat. We seem to have been boxing for a quarter of an hour at least. In reality, not three minutes have gone.

But suddenly the bell or gong clangs, and dropping our hands we walk to our respective corners. The stool has been already slipped in, and sitting on this, with my head thrown back and my hands resting on the topmost ropes, I resign myself to the care of my seconds. Two of them, standing in front of me, flap towels vigorously in the air, creating a draught of cool air, with which I am glad to fill my lungs. The third meanwhile sponges my face, and hands me a draught of water to rinse my mouth with. Whispered comments are exchanged upon the opening round, and more advice is whispered.



The boxer when facing his opponent sees very little but the latter's gloves. Some idea of their size as they appear to him will be seen from the illustration—the gloves are the black masses at the foot of the picture.

"*Seconds out!* TIME!" Then refreshed I take the ring again, with renewed determination, as I meet my opponent, to hit him every time I lead, and to slip or guard his every blow. Such a counsel of perfection, however, it is impossible to carry out, and the second round passes much as did the first.

Always before me I see the figure of my op-

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ponent, crouching slightly, it may be, or standing erect and square, according to his individual style. Our mutual gaze never wavers, but as he spars round me I see the fitful and perplexing movement of his gloves.

He feints at my head. Though my eyes never leave his, I see his left coming, as it seems, and throw up my guard.

But like a flash, at that movement of mine, the attacking left is diverted in its course, and lands instead upon my ribs, with a wind-shattering thump.

Presently, to escape an attack, I duck. The intended blow has no effect, but before I can reply the enemy has closed with me. We "clinch" in a tight embrace, though careful not to "hold" each other by clutching with hands or arms. Either is careful not to give an opportunity for hitting at close quarters.

But the cool tones of the referee interrupt. "Break away, break away!" he commands.

Gingerly each pushes the other to arm's length, and both come on guard the moment a break is effected. A clever man, quick with his hands—a Bowker, for example, or a Pedlar Palmer—will often score a point with an unexpected hit at close quarters, while breaking away.

As a boxer rises after a knock-out blow, all he sees is a big expanse of ring and his opponent's legs.

So the fight goes on for several rounds. Then a change takes place. Evidently my opponent's seconds have advised altered tactics. As we come up to the call of "Time," he attacks with sudden fury. Taking me by surprise, he hustles me round the ring, and, driving me up against the ropes, has matters nearly all his own way. His blows rain in upon me, left and right, like a patter of hailstones—hailstones a good deal bigger, too, than the proverbial goose's egg—and I cannot pull myself together to make a stand against them. Heavy body-blows shorten my wind and inflict dire punishment. My breathing is laboured, my legs feel numb and weak, and it is somewhat unsteadily that I walk to my corner when the welcome gong sounds.

My seconds take strong measures with me. While one flaps a towel overhead, another places a full sponge upon my head and squeezes it. The sudden shock of the cold water as it trickles over me acts like an electric current. Involuntarily a spasm passes through my frame, and with the sudden contraction of the muscles my legs are jerked off the ground. But it pulls me together, and I revive wonderfully.

Again the other man adopts forcing tactics. But this time I am prepared, and his attempt to rush me, as we come up for the fresh round, fails. He sets the pace smartly, but

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again and again, keeping a cool head, I steady him with a straight left, getting home myself whenever opportunity occurs.

My opponent's attack grows fiercer—and wilder. Grimly I await my chance. It comes at last. He tries his left, but missing (as I draw him), leaves himself exposed. Stepping half a pace to the side, I swing my right across, fairly on the point of the jaw, with every ounce of my weight behind it, and like a felled ox, he goes down beneath it.

A literal metaphor this; for a boxer "knocked out" in the ring is not, as the ignorant might suppose, bowled clean off his pins by the force of the blow. Like a beast stricken by a poleaxe, he *droops* to the floor. His legs give way; he lurches, staggers, and collapses.

The hot blood of victory courses swiftly through my veins. Forgetting almost what I am about, in my eagerness to finish the fight, I stand over the prostrate body, waiting to administer a *coup de grâce*, should he rise. But the stern, level tones of the referee bring me to my senses. "Stand away there; stand *right* away." I see my seconds beckoning to me frantically, and walk to my corner.

There is a pause of a few moments. Then the prostrate man opens his eyes. He lifts himself laboriously on to his knees, and staggers unsteadily to his feet. As he does so I advance to meet him.

He faces me, and lifts his hands mechanically. It is easy to see he is acting by instinct, not reason; practically he is still unconscious. His eyes are glazed, his legs can scarce support the weight of the body. It is rank murder; but it must be done, and I confess to a feeling of grim delight as I advance upon him.

He is a beaten man, and it is I, *I* who have whipped him!

But there is no need to be merciless. A light blow on the jaw sends him reeling against the ropes, and he pitches sideways on to the floor.

He tries to rise, but cannot. Then the referee puts up his hand. "That's enough!" he says. The other man's seconds spring into the ring, pick up his prostrate body, and carry it to the corner.

A tornado of cheers threatens to lift the roof off as I walk back to my corner, in the midst of which the M.C., advancing to the ropes, points mutely in my direction. I walk across the ring to the corner where my opponent is reviving under the care of his seconds, and hold out my hand. He shakes it with a wan smile of disappointment; or, maybe, with a scowl of resentment, if he be a poor sportsman.

Then out of the ring and to the dressing-room, jubilant, exultant; while a second burst of cheering greets the loser as he follows.

But though the fight is over, perhaps within an hour, it has entailed many long weeks of preparation. It stands to reason that a man must be in the best condition possible to stand the strain of, say, twenty rounds of hard fighting, each of three minutes' duration, with only an interval of a minute between each round.

Let any non-boxer who reads these lines don the gloves for once, and spar briskly with a pugilistic friend for *two* minutes only. He will be glad enough to hear the call of "Time!" It is the constant movement—a good boxer is scarcely still on his feet for a moment in the ring—which tires, equally with the stress of blows received.

For a big fight the professional boxer undergoes a severe course of preparation; and in these days of scientific training, provided he has been well looked after and has himself willingly and carefully followed his trainer's instructions, he enters the ring fit as a thoroughbred, hard as nails, his muscles trim, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him.

As soon as preliminaries have been satisfactorily arranged and articles signed, each man betakes himself to his chosen training quarters—usually a well-known inn in a semi-rural district near London—Barnes or Epping, for example. A brief sketch of his day's occupation while in training may be of interest.

Ordered somewhat in this fashion will be the boxer's day when in strict training:—

Rising from bed at seven o'clock, a glass of port wine and egg is served to him. Fortified with this, by 7.30 he is out of the house, dispelling the last slumber fumes from his brain in a brisk walk of a couple of miles. Very likely this preliminary walk will include one sharp sprint of a hundred yards or thereabouts, to insure every breath of the over-night foul air being expelled from his lungs.

Back at his quarters again, the "patient" rests for a short while, and then sits down to a substantial breakfast. The dietary is not specially strict, almost any plain dish (within reason) being permitted, if a special fancy be felt for it. As a rule, breakfast includes chops (with the end pieces cut off), a couple of poached eggs, and toast. More

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In the French method of boxing, the feet are used as well as the fists. The boxer whose gloves show in the foreground is quite overwhelmed by the size of his opponent's foot.

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restrictions are placed upon the amount which may be drunk, and half-a-pint of tea is the limit at the morning meal. If it can be taken without milk or sugar, so much the better.

A proper interval for digestion having elapsed, the boxer dons sweaters and mufflers, and starts upon a stiff training walk of a dozen miles and more. This walk will include all forms of pedestrian activity—running, jumping, and the like; while, to give free play to the muscles of the arms and keep them supple, occasional throwing exercise with pebbles is also resorted to.

By mid-day training quarters are reached again, the brisk exercises in heavy sweaters and wraps having induced free perspiration. After a cold shower-bath and a sharp rub down, the trainer lays his man on the bed and massages him energetically. This over, he is left to rest for a while, dinner being served when he again rises. For this meal, perhaps. a boiled fowl will be put upon the table, with stewed prunes as a second course, to be washed down with half-a-pint of good Burton.

In the afternoon the boxer gets into his fighting kit, and has a stiff spell of indoor work, sparring with his trainer, punching the ball—in brief, keeping his hand and eye in. Concluding with another, but less arduous, tramp (of some four miles only this time), he reaches tea-time, and is quite ready for his light meal of fried or boiled sole, with lettuce, tomatoes, and the like, In the evening he goes out for a brief final walk, then back to his quarters, and to bed.

The Ring, it must be confessed, despite its undoubted attractions, offers a somewhat precarious career. The men at the top of the tree, of course, make large sums of money, and have ample opportunity, *if they keep straight*, of laying by a comfortable sum against the inevitable day of retirement. Unfortunately the records of the Ring show that very few of the boxers whose names, at the height of their fame, have been familiar as household words in the mouths of the sporting world, have followed the commonsense path of moderation. Dissipation, in one form or another, has marked them down as victims, and the large sums won by their skill and endurance have been recklessly squandered.

The boxer of only average merit has no very rosy prospect before him. As a lad he finds, while scrapping with his mates, that he possesses pugilistic powers a little out of the common. He enters for a novices' competition at, let us say, "Wonderland"—the National Sporting Club of Whitechapel, if one may put it so.

In this he meets with success, and is encouraged thereby to throw up his job, and turn professional "pug" pure and simple. While his youth lasts he manages to pick up a living by boxing at the various clubs and establishments in London and the big provincial centres; but when his fighting days are over he is left somewhat stranded. Generally he becomes a hanger-on of the Ring, getting a living as he can.

The successful boxer who is likewise steady has several opportunities before him when he retires from active fighting. He may become a "professor," and take up tuition in the "noble art" as a means of livelihood, like Jerry Driscoll, ex-champion of the Navy—one of the best-known and best-liked men in the profession—and many others whose names come to mind. Or he may become the respected landlord of a snug hostelry, where the leading lights of the sporting world will delight to foregather.

French boxing, as all the world knows, is a very different thing from the English sport. The respective merits of *la savate* and *la boxe* have often been argued, but partisans of either method remain unconvinced.

The Frenchman will have it that his champion, able to use not only his fists in the approved English fashion, but his feet as well, must possess an advantage over the boxer who relies solely on his fists. The Englishman contends that the kicking game renders a man unstable, and liable to be knocked clean off his pins by an opponent handy with the gloves and wary enough to keep out of reach of the other man's feet.

The general judgment of those most qualified to express an opinion seems to be that the boxer, once familiarised with the methods of *savate*, would make short work of his kicking opponent.

The glamour of the Ring! Sir Conan Doyle has caught it admirably in his stirring pages, and he is not by any means the only novelist whose pen has found it an inspiring theme. It has a fascination difficult to describe, or to account for, but undeniably powerful. The secret of it lies, perhaps, in this: that grit, courage, and endurance are the essential qualities which the Ring demands, and which the Ring brings out in a man. He may or may not deserve all the opprobrious epithets levelled at him by the ignorant and the prejudiced; but, whatever his faults, it is certain that the boxer is, above all things, a good plucked 'un.

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The Story of How a Proposal Depended upon the Result of a Boat Race.

By A. Demain Grange.

It was the most exciting race I ever rowed, and I have stroked the Oleander Eight on more than one memorable occasion. It would have been funny, too, had not the issue meant so much for my poor little friend, Macky McQueen.

Macky was the Oleander coxswain, and a better or more deservedly popular fellow never turned the scale at eight stone, seven pounds, and a fraction. That as a steersman he was infinitely the superior of that conceited little beast, Codrington, who piloted the Rumtums, every man of the Oleander was ready to swear; while for downright good-heartedness, and freedom from all "side," he was incalculable lengths ahead of his overbearing and self-opinionated rival.

As Number Seven expressed it one day, after a long practice grind, though Codrington scaled some three or four pounds lighter, Macky's encouraging smile, and brisk, cheery manner, were "worth a clear extra stroke per minute all through the boat."

The only one among the Oleanders who did not appear to recognise this was Macky himself. In all matters relating to Codrington his attitude was rigidly neutral, and whenever the former's name cropped up in conversation he spoke of him with studied politeness, and a punctilious regard for the unwritten laws of gentlemanly antagonism.

But chivalry, although highly commendable in such matters as sport, may sometimes be carried too far, and Macky's quixotic behaviour in the case of Phyllis Teddington was, to my thinking, rather overdoing the thing.

Of course, I am aware it sounds terribly ungallant to deprecate chivalry where a lady is concerned, but when it comes to letting a momentous question go unasked for no reason except that of taking an unfair advantage over a less scrupulous rival, then I say emphatically —hang chivalry! And this, virtually, is what McQueen was doing.

Colonel Teddington's place was situated midway between the Oleander boathouse and the headquarters of the Rumtum Rowing Club. Himself an old Oxford "blue," and an oar of no mean repute in his day, he naturally took a great interest in the doings of

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the two premier clubs in his neighbourhood.

This interest was fully shared by his daughter, Phyllis, a pretty and vivacious young lady of some nineteen summers, who was the Colonel's only child, and dearer to him than the life he had so nearly lost in winning the little bronze cross that is given "for valour."

Hardly a day passed but that the tall, fair girl and the gallant ex-guardsman might be seen walking arm in arm along the towpath, criticising the efforts of some promising "junior," or noting the respective progress made by the two local eights entered for the Grand Challenge Cup at our annual regatta. Then, of an evening, some of us were sure to be asked round to "The Laburnums" to have a chat with the old man over days gone by, and to hear for the twentieth time how Balliol rowed to the top of the river, or So-and-so won such-and-such an event in this—or that—particular time.

It was on one of these evenings, while we were seated in the Colonel's cosy little drawing-room, that I first noticed that McQueen and Codrington were rivals for the greatest favour Miss Phyllis had it in her power to bestow.

This was some five months previous to the event I am about to describe; and long before the Oleander Eight had ceased to row like so many pairs of scissors, it became apparent to all and sundry that the two coxswains were entered for a bigger event than even the Grand Challenge Cup at Wenley-on-Thames.

The betting was even. Both men were well connected, had a plentiful store of this world's goods, and were, on the face of it, equally prepossessing in appearance. But to me, and to those who knew them intimately, there could be no doubt whatever as to which would make the more suitable partner in that longest and sternest of all races, life's handicap.

However, that was a point for Miss Phyllis to decide, and I think it would have gravelled the astute Paris himself to say which way that decision would go.

She treated them both exactly alike, and neither by word nor in her manner showed the slightest preference for the one or the other. So much was this so, that it generally came to be understood that she would accept whichever of them first chanced to ask her. But the dickens of it was that *neither* of them asked her!

Some absurd notion that Codrington had a prior claim, owing to his having been the first in the field, appeared to weigh with Macky; while the Rumtum man had the decency at all events not to take advantage of what was a chivalrous, if mistaken, action on the part of his rival.

Thus matters stood when McQueen came up to me on the day of the regatta and asked to have a word with me in private. He was shaking like a jelly all over, and seemed to be in a pretty bad state of funk.

"What is it, man?" I asked, as we drew out of earshot.

"About Phyllis—Miss Teddington, you know," he began nervously.

"Well?" said I encouragingly.

"We—Codrington and I have arranged it," he blurted out.

"The dickens you have!" I cried, thoroughly taken aback.

"Yes," said he, with a badly finished smile, "we settled it early this morning."

"And am I to congratulate you?" I inquired rather doubtfully.

"I hope so!" he replied. "But not yet. We've got to lift that Cup first!"

"Oh," said I, "then it depends upon that?"

"It does," he answered grimly.

I whistled softly between my teeth. You know the kind of thing—like the shoot of a wager-boat against the tide.

"You see," he continued, "it was no earthly use our going on as we were doing. So I called upon Codrington and put it to him fair and square—the best plan, don't you think?"

"Undoubtedly," said I. Macky has a habit of clipping his sentences that always reminds me of a stroke well begun and ending in a feather under water.

"Anyhow," he went on, "the long and short of it was this—we agreed that, as we couldn't very well both speak together, the one to do so first should be the one who sat in the winning boat to-day."

"Good Heavens, man!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"It was really the fairest way," he said. "There are only two boats competing this year, and there isn't a fraction of an inch to choose between them."

"That's just it!" I groaned.

"Still," said he, "I know you will do your best, old man."

"Don't put it on to me!" I cried hastily.

"And I know it won't be your fault if—if we lose," he added.

"You are right there!" said I.

"That is why I told you," he concluded simply.

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At this moment Ferris, our coach, joined us, and after a few generalities concerning the weather and the last race, drew me aside to give me some final instructions before the great event which was set down next but one on the programme.

As I was strolling towards the Oleander boathouse, and thinking over what Macky had just told me, I met Codrington. He seemed very dejected, and gave me a surly nod by way of greeting as we passed. Although I heartily detested the man I couldn't help feeling for him, knowing what I did.

A little further on I encountered the Colonel with Miss Teddington, and I noted that the latter was, for all her show of calmness, in a high state of nervous tension.

"Oh, tell me!" she exclaimed, as she shook me by the hand, "do you think you will win?"

"It is just possible!" said I guardedly.

"I wish you could, because—well, I have a special reason!" she said with a bewitching smile.

"Your wishing it is reason enough for me," I replied gallantly.

"The great thing is to keep cool, and not lose your head," said the prosaic Colonel. And, acting on this sage advice, I took my leave of them.

We were rather late in getting out, and, by the time we reached the stake-boat, the Rumtums had already taken up their position. They were a fine-looking lot, brawny, and deep-chested, and, if anything, a shade heavier all over than we were. But I glanced over my shoulder at the seven well-knit, square-sitting figures behind me, and I knew that it would be a struggle the like of which had rarely been known in the annals of Wenley Regatta.

It was very hot, and the sun scorched our legs and forearms as we sat waiting for the signal. The gnats, too, were rather troublesome, and I distinctly remember wondering whether it was Macky's blue eyes or his scarlet and white cap that attracted them in such swarms about his head.

All trace of his former excitement had left him, and—barring the gnats—he looked quite cool and comfortable as he leant slightly forward with the rudder lines held close to his side. A train shrieked somewhere in the distance, and there was a momentary creaking of leathern straps. Then the starter's voice rang out suddenly—

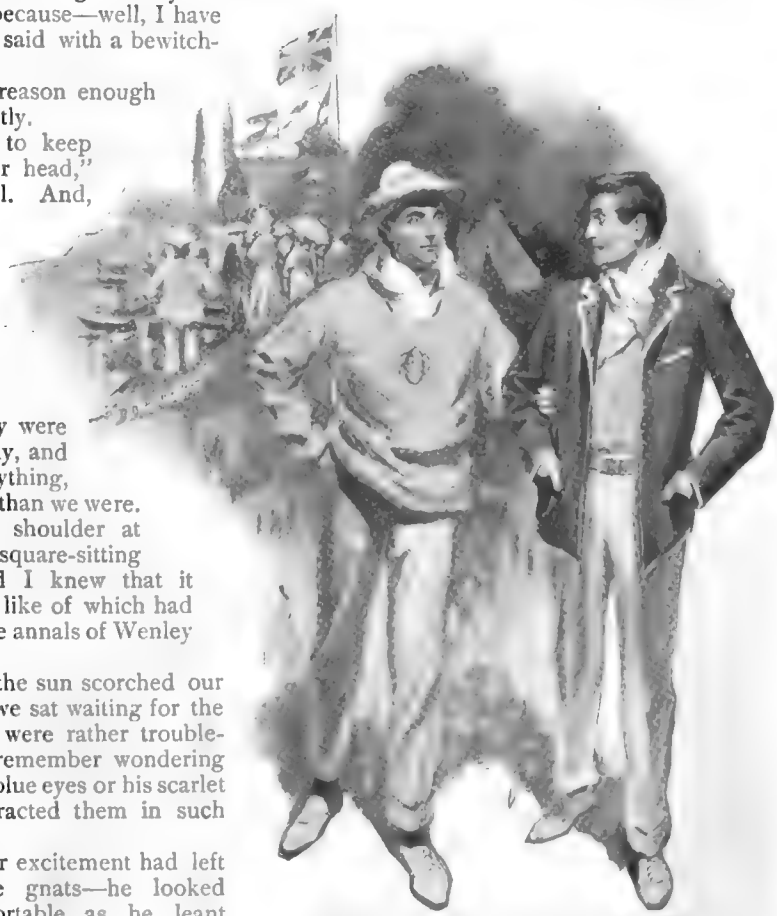
"Ready!"

The slides rattled simultaneously, and sixteen pairs of shoulders were braced up resolutely.

Bang!

The oars bent as they caught the water, and the circling eddies gurgled as we shot past them. *Click!* Every hand was dropped smartly, turned, and got away as we swung forward to the next stroke. Again the quick "catch" and the sharp pull through, and the race for the Grand Challenge Cup was fairly started.

We led by about one-third of a length during the first quarter of a mile. Then the Rumtums came away in a splendid burst which landed them some three-quarters of a



"What is it, man?" I asked, as we drew out of earshot.

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length ahead. After this it was a ding-dong race right up to the last half mile, when the real struggle began.

Hitherto I had rowed as one in a dream, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, my external consciousness bounded by that narrow wedge of wood and canvas sticking out behind Macky's nodding figure like some monster saurian's tail. I also had a vague impression that Phyllis Teddington was watching me anxiously, and exhorting me to win—for a special reason—for a special reason——

"Steady!"

I awoke with a start to a sense of what was happening. We were within ten lengths of the winning post, and not a hand's breadth between us. It was now or never!

"Row, row!" cried Macky.

"We'll—do it!" I gasped, dragging at my oar for all I was worth.

Up went a roar like thunder, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, the water flew in showers from the madly driven blades—the supreme moment had come.

"Oh, tell me!" she exclaimed, as she shook me by the hand, "do you think you will win?"

All at once, Macky, who was staring eagerly ahead of us, closed his eyes with a snap, lost his balance slightly and swayed to one side dragging the rudder round with him. There was a heavy roll, somebody feathered under water, bucketed forward, missed his stroke—*and the Rumtums had won by half a length!*

"Easy all!"

The eight blades slithered along the top of the water, and the light boat came to a standstill.

There was a deadly pause, during which eight panting men tried to realise this thing which had happened to them.

Then sharply, in a voice of mingled rage and despair, came the order:

"Forward. Paddle."

Never shall I forget the look upon Macky's face as we paddled down to the landing-stage.

His mouth was twisted fantastically. A horrible, unearthly grin distorted his features. Rage and disappointment gleamed from his eyes—or rather, from *one* eye, for he kept the other tightly screwed up! Altogether he presented a weird spectacle as he sat, bent nearly double, with his hands clutching convulsively at the sides of the boat!

No! It wasn't a fit, or a sudden attack of heart disease, or anything of that kind. Such a calamity would have been most serious, whereas this was merely ludicrous! For, to tell the plain, unvarnished truth, Macky's discomfiture was due simply and solely to the nerve-torturing presence of a microscopically insignificant *gnat!*

Yes, an ordinary, commonplace, everyday gnat had decided the biggest event at Wenley Regatta, and very nearly settled poor Macky's chance of winning the prize in the race for a wife.

But not quite! For though Codrington spoke first, Miss Phyllis preferred to listen to his rival — doubtless, for a special reason!

* * *

It is rumoured that cards will soon be out for an elaborate reception at a residence not a hundred miles from the Oleander boat-house.

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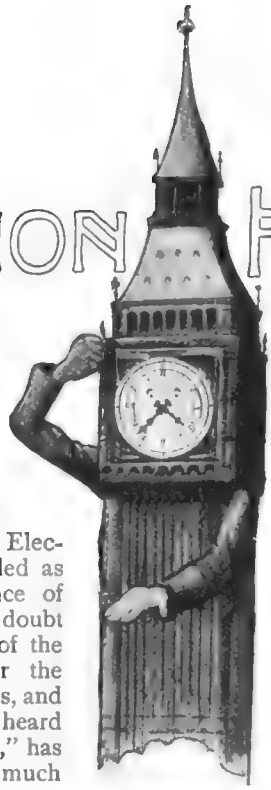
ELECTION HUMOURS

Funny Stories told of M.P.'s—

—and Candidates for Seats at St. Stephen's.



BY FOX RUSSELL.

ALTHOUGH perhaps a General Election was not primarily intended as a vehicle for the conveyance of humour, there can be small doubt that the assembling together of the "free and enlightened" for the purpose of recording their votes, and exercising what I once heard described as their "sufferings," has often been provocative of much mirth, repartee, and spontaneous merriment, harmless and otherwise. In the old days of the hustings this was more particularly the case.

In those "spacious times" the brutal frankness with which votes were bought and sold, added greatly to "the fun of the fair." Nowadays, that great institution, bribery, may perhaps still exist; but it no longer rollicks jauntily through the land; deft, subtle, and cautious in its movements, it now slinks down side alleys, deserting the bar of the ancient hostel, where it was formerly wont to make merry with the lieges—and a very open-handed merriment it was, too—and does its work, perforce, in the twilight.

"Wot's the good o' the blooming" (only he didn't say "blooming"!) "thing, then?" asked a burly bricklayer on being told that to sell his vote would be an offence against the law. The true inwardness of possessing that which you are forbidden to sell, still storms *some* brainy fortresses in vain.

At the meetings and in the streets, during the heat and excitement of a political contest, even in these degenerate days, the fun is occasionally both fast and furious. And perhaps the thing which, of all others, tells best with a crowded meeting is the retort—courteous or uncourteous, it matters not, so that it be ready—and apposite.

The Marquis of Carmarthen, with his fair, curly hair, and frank, boyish face, looked much younger than he really was at the time he first stood for a constituency. And on one occasion, whilst addressing a meeting of his supporters, he was freely interrupted by several of his political opponents from the back of the hall, who took as their principal theme of cruel banter the apparent youth of the speaker. This was on the Wednesday preceding the Friday fixed for polling.

"Does your mother know you're out?" bawled a gentleman in fustian, and minus a shirt-collar.

"Yes," replied the young marquis, "and on Friday she'll know I'm *in!*"

There was a roar of delight through the hall, and on the eventful day this "snap-shot" prediction was duly fulfilled.

Lord Brampton—better known as Sir Henry Hawkins—could hardly be described as a politician. Yet on one occasion, he wooed the suffrages of the North Devon men at Barnstaple, as he has himself told us, in his interesting reminiscences.

But the learned lawyer soon discovered that unless he was prepared to put his hand in his pocket (it was in every sense a "pocket" borough!) and buy up the whole of the "free and enlightened" *en bloc*, he would not stand a chance of being returned. So, like the wise man he has always shown himself to be, he did the "returning" on his own account—to town. A "returned empty" with a vengeance!

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Mr. Hawkins (as he then was) went back to his briefs and his chambers in the Temple, and never more adventured amongst the shoals and quicksands of a political voyage.

A story told of a retort once made by Lord Burleigh during the electoral campaign of '81 is well worthy of a place beside that of the Marquis of Carmarthen already recorded here.

Lord Burleigh, during the whole of a very hardly-contested fight, had been made to suffer severely at the hands of the hecklers, and finally, one evening an organised attempt was made to break up his meeting by

A would-be M.P. has to appear interested in all sorts of weird sports.

bringing a donkey into the back of the hall, and, by some means or other, starting it off braying. The candidate stopped in his speech, as the hideous din completely drowned his voice. Taking advantage, however, of the first "lucid interval," he stepped briskly forward to the edge of the platform, and in a loud, clear voice cried:

"I am very glad to see that my opponents have brought their representative here with them to-night!"

And the "disturbers of the peace" were effectually silenced for the rest of the evening.

Poor Sir Frank Lockwood, the late Solicitor-General, and one of the most cheery and genial creatures that ever lived, showed as ready a wit at election times as he did in the practice of his profession. Added to a really wonderful aptitude for the drawing of caricatures, he had the knack of getting out of any awkward situation by a ready jest. At one time (he and Mr. Pease being the then members for York) he was addressing a meeting of his constituents, when a discontented voter shouted out:

"What's the Cabinet going to do about Russia's action in Afghanistan? You're one of the Government, so you ought to know."

"Sorry I can't tell you," replied Lockwood promptly, "but directly Cabinet Ministers begin to discuss such things as foreign politics, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals are sent upstairs to play with the Under-Secretaries!"

At the York election, which saw Lockwood again returned, but Pease defeated—a Conservative, Mr. Butcher—now K.C.—taking his place—the late Solicitor-General remarked that he would "go to the House of Commons with his Butcher, though he would, alas! have to do without his Pease." Whilst at the former contest, he said that the message sent by York to Westminster was "Pease with Honour."

To revert, for a moment, to the days of the hustings—many living members of the House of Commons can recall them still—there is a good story told of Mr. (as he then was) Henry James—now Lord James of Hereford—who contested Taunton in opposition to the late Mr. Serjeant Cox. Mr. James had made a good and telling speech, chiefly devoted to ridiculing the idea of Taunton men returning his opponent, and at the conclusion of it, he said: "Gentlemen, if Mr. Serjeant Cox is successful at the poll, *I'll carry him on my back* all the way to Westminster!"

To which sally, the learned Serjeant immediately retorted that he had *given up donkey-riding* ever since he was a boy.

And no one was quicker to laugh in appreciation of the joke than James himself.

Kissing babies is, I was once seriously assured by a Parliamentary candidate, quite one of the severest trials which have to be gone through. "But," he added quickly, "it pays; it's the quickest way to the mother's heart, and then you can safely leave her to nag—I mean persuade—the husband."

To hob-nob with the beery coalheaver, to be "hail fellow well met" with the horny-

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handed son of toil, to simulate a wild interest in many weird and unknown sports, to preside at smoking concerts in an atmosphere redolent of shag tobacco and the humble clay, to subscribe to a dozen or twenty football clubs, cricket clubs, Christmas clubs, "Pay-out" clubs (whatever that may mean), goose clubs, the local foxhounds, the Church Lads' Brigade, the dispensaries, the hospitals—but why go on?—to do and suffer all these things and many more, is but the everyday lot of both the candidate and the sitting member. "Nursing" a constituency, under both old and modern conditions, has spelt ruin for many a gladiator in the Parliamentary arena.

A certain candidate, cantankerous in disposition as he was crooked in body, in the course of his electoral campaign, was interrupted whilst making a statement by loud cries of "Query, query!" from the body of the room. Turning savagely upon the disturber, the angry little hunchback snarled out:

"Query, query! What do you mean by the silly cry of 'Query'? What, I ask, *is* a query?"

"It's a crooked little thing that asks questions," promptly retorted the other, fixing his eyes on the irascible speaker.

The fate of a certain Parliamentary election in a small town bordering on South Wales once turned upon the question of the making or not making of a new, small branch railway. The proposed course of the new line lay over some very rough and precipitous ground, and also over two small streams. One of the candidates was delivering a somewhat strong speech, advocating the immediate construction of the line, and making light of the topographical and engineering difficulties to be encountered *en route*, when an interrupter cried out:

"Yes, you may tunnel the hills, but what about bridging the rivers? What would you do about the streams?"

"Dam the streams!" at once replied the practical speaker innocently, and several of his supporters, not unnaturally mistaking his meaning, rose, and solemnly left the hall, by way of protest against what they supposed to be his unjustifiable display of bad language!

In times gone by, the Borough of —— enjoyed a singularly unsavoury reputation for corruptibility, and votes were bought and sold in the most unblushing manner. A body of about fifty of the "free and enlightened" voters—composed chiefly of fishermen, and rejoicing in the sobriquet of "The Seabirds"—was notably open to sell to the highest bidder, and when Mr. A. and Sir George B. were candidates, Mr. A.'s agent interviewed the "commodore" of "The Seabirds," and arranged that, for one sovereign per head, those marine specimens should proceed in a body to the poll, and record their votes in favour of his employer.

What was his vexation and anger, when, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the eventful day, the whole fifty, wearing the orange favours of the opposition, trooped up to the voting station, amid cheers and counter-

An amusing story of the old days when votes were bought related on this page.

cheers. Forgetting all his prudence, the agent exclaimed bitterly to the "commodore":

"And *this* is the way I'm treated after paying a pound a head!"

The "commodore" smiled apologetically, and replied:

"Well, fact is, governor, the other side made it thirty shillings, and we felt that we couldn't turn good money away!"

But at the succeeding election for the same "fishy" place, Mr. A.'s agent had his revenge. No longer able to trust the "Seabirds," he gave a dinner to the members of that interesting body on the night preceding the day of polling—the liquor was both good and plentiful, and after the banquet was over, the founder of the feast had small difficulty, aided by willing henchmen, in bundling his

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befuddled guests into a huge barn, and keeping them locked up therein until after the poll had closed!

But to return to modern times. At one of the recent bye-elections, a speaker was violently declaiming on the now well-known legend of the Big and the Little Loaf. Having worked himself up into a condition of great excitement on the subject, he shouted:

"This is a matter of life and death importance, of vital interest to every man in this room here to-night! And I defy anybody to gainsay it!"

The speaker glared round the room until his eye rested upon a small, mild-looking man in the third row of seats. And then the mild man spake thus, in slow, drawling tones:

"Don't matter a rap to me, anyhow."

"What, sir!" roared the excited orator, "you call yourself an Englishman, and can sit there and deliberately say it doesn't matter to you whether you get a big loaf or a small loaf for the same money? Why, sir, I should like to know? Why?"

"'Cos I don't eat bread," calmly replied the other, rising deliberately and strolling out of the room.

"Look'ee here, laad, if thou meanest what thou say'st Ah'll pummel thee."

During last election, a very puny-looking candidate for a seat in one of the northern urban divisions was making somewhat violent charges against his political opponents.

"What is their party pledged to?" he squeaked. "It is pledged to a policy of extravagant expenditure, of militarism and aggression. What is its leader pledged to? Mr. —— is committed to a policy which will inevitably land us in a European war. He is a man who is reckless of his country's welfare, so that he himself may climb to place and power; he is cynically indifferent as to whether we are plunged into a war or not; he is thoroughly unscrupulous——"

But at that moment, the orator incontinently "dried up," for, deliberately climbing on to the platform was a huge, burly miner, his eyes fixed in threatening fashion on the speaker. Striding up to him, and turning up the sleeves of his coat, the big "Geordie" exclaimed: "Look'ee here, laad, if thou meanest what thou say'st Ah'll pummel thee inta moosh, Ah will. An' if thou doosn't mean it, Ah tell thee thee's a liar, an' Ah'll smak t' feace, Ah will; so noo, ye can choose."

And confronted with these awful alternatives, the small speaker must have indeed felt relieved when four stalwart constables conveyed the pitman outside.

Apropos of this incident, a worthy baronet was the chosen candidate for the next vacancy in a "pitmen's" division, and "nursed" the constituency with great assiduity. Assisted by his lady, he instituted a series of concerts and readings. The candidate's wife had a very good voice, and never failed to please; but when, one night, her brother, a youthful subaltern, who had been pressed into the service, sang a tenor song atrociously out of tune, a "Geordie" at the back rose and called out:

"Ah doan't blame thee, laad; thou didst tha best. But Ah'd like to know the mon that *asked* thee to sing—and poonch him!"

The late Colonel North stood for a constituency in Yorkshire, and was considerably puzzled on one occasion, when a "heckler" interrupted him, expressing a wish to hear the candidate's views on the subject of our foreign policy. Probably no man in the country knew much less about the subject than the "Nitrate King." He was silent for a minute or two, and then exclaimed:

"Well, look here; I know nothing about foreign politics; but I'm a follower of Lord Salisbury, and he knows a lot; what's good

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enough for Lord Salisbury's good enough for me."

Many ways have been found, at different times, of evading the provisions of Bribery Acts—even as it is said, and with some show of truth, that a coach and four could be driven through any Act of Parliament ever yet made—but elections nowadays are much more closely watched and scrupulously conducted than they were in the "good old times." If there was more fun, there certainly was more—and much more—corruption than we are treated to now. And the effective secrecy of the ballot box has now rendered it almost impossible to find out how a man—if intent upon concealment—has voted. He may easily accept A.'s bribe, and then vote for B. Whereat—if ever he found it out—A. might wax wrathful, but would naturally be perfectly helpless.

There is a story told of a candidate who was vehemently in favour of the "one man one vote" ticket.

"Every man here ought to have the franchise!" he cried; "it is the birthright of every Englishman; it is a shameful thing to deprive him of the franchise, whoever and whatever he be! Let us put that in the forefront of every political struggle; let us battle for the franchise as we would battle for dear life, and the right to live itself! The franchise is——"

"Franchise be blowed!" shouted a collarless gentleman in the middle of the room. "Wot we wants is a vote!"

"Poll early and poll often" seems to have been the motto of one enterprising gentleman at the General Election of 1881. He openly boasted that he had voted three times over at different polling stations during the day, and then was only found out quite by accident. I had the doubtful pleasure of defending him at the Old Bailey, and, being unable to accomplish that Herculean task of "making bricks without straw," he was very properly convicted and sentenced—if my memory serves me—to three months' imprisonment, by the late Recorder of London, Sir Thomas Chambers.

One of the happiest "bulls" I ever heard of was at the meeting of a would-be Irish Home Rule member. He was declaiming, in fervid oratorical periods, upon the well-worn subject of the "brutal Saxon" in refusing the priceless boon to Irishmen of the right to make laws for themselves in a parliament on College Green; and having worked his audience up to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm and excitement, he bellowed out:

"Why is the Irishman held to be of less account than the Englishman? Why should the English make laws for the Irish? Isn't it like Russia grinding Poland down, under the iron heel of tyranny? Isn't it oppression in its worst form? What we want is perfect equality. Isn't one man as good as another?"

"O' coorse he is!" shouted an earnest supporter, "and betther!"

A hot favourite for an election at a certain seat of learning in England was unexpectedly returned at the bottom, instead of the top of the poll, and the gentleman in question waxed exceeding wrath at what he considered the supineness of the city voters. On a speech being called for from the balcony of his hotel immediately the result of the counting was made known, he advanced and spoke a few words, in short, sharp tones, winding up with "Lord *bless* you—*you know what I mean!*"

Speeches are sometimes interrupted by members of the audience, who emphasise their remarks in a forcible manner.

One more story, and I have finished. The rival candidates for a riparian borough were, respectively, a smooth-shaven Scotch merchant named Kerr, and a big Welshman "bearded like the Pard." The latter had made a speech which created a very favourable effect on the constituency, in spite of his delivery being somewhat impeded by the hair growing over his lips and mouth. This latter circumstance the Scotchman sought to ridicule the following day, by likening his opponent to a Skye terrier. Whereupon the hero of the hirsute adornment promptly retaliated by saying that he would rather be a Skye terrier than a Scotch Kerr!

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JIM JONES

BY H. ALEXANDER

I wonder if you've ever heard
Of Jones, whose Christian name was Jim,
And what a dreadful thing occurred
To him?

Now Jim was fat and greedy, too,
Yes, fat and greedy, too, was Jones;
He'd lick his plate, and he would chew
His bones.

One day his mother took him out
To friends, who said, "Here's tea, do stop!
We've got a cake with plums about
The top."

While some sipped tea, and laughed and talked,
And others sat and twirled their thumbs,
Down Jimmy's greedy throat had walked
Those plums.

Such guzzling greed I never knew
Exist in any boy before;
Scarce, after meals, could he get through
The door.

Mince-pies were Jimmy's favourite fare,
He'd stuff them down from dusk to dawn.
The same pies made Jim wish he'd ne'er
Been born.

Kind Mrs. Brown sent to invite
The children all, both stout and slim,
To games and supper. On the night
Came Jim.

They played at draughts, they played at hide-
And-seek, and searched the lucky tub,
But Jim stood by the wall and eyed
The grub.

You should have seen the little pig
Snatch each thing of the largest size,
And bolt a barrow-load of big
Mince-pies.

When nine o'clock began to strike,
Jim, cram-full and but half awake,
Went home to bed, and slept just like
A snake.

The clock struck midnight in the hall,
Then, or a minute past at most,
There entered through his bedroom wall
A ghost.

Its hair was stringy marmalade,
For eyes it had two cherries red,
Set in a huge mince-pie, which made
Its head.

Its fearful body was as bad—
A pineapple with prickly points;
Its arms were crackers, so they had
No joints.

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And each leg was a raisin-stalk,
Making the ghost so thin and tall
And weak, that he could hardly walk
At all.

My friends, it had such dreadful feet,
They gave Jim Jones a horrid fright;
They weren't the kinds of things to meet
At night.

One once had been a currant-bun,
Now currant-less it gripped his leg;
The other was an underdone
Bad egg.

Then shrieked the ghost, "I ve known a few
Fat boys, who loved to over-feed,
But never one a patch on you
For greed!"

And as it speaks, its cherry eyes
Shed icy tears of claret-cup,
The front part of its face starts ris-
ing up.

Again its shrieks re-echo through
Jim's room: "I shall not tell your dad,
Alone I mean to punish you,
My lad."

With that its cracker-arms explode,
Its body, with the fearsome pricks,
Rolls over Jimmy like a load
Of bricks.

Meantime its feet—the egg and bun—
Jump on his bed, then creep inside,
And on his chest begin to run
And slide.

While on his face its sticky hair
Falls, tickling eyes, and ears, and nose,
Till Jimmy can no longer bear
His woes.

Now from its face the currants pour
Like wasps; they bite and sting, and make
His body redder than a raw
Beef-steak.

Then grapes and chickens, ham and dates,
Nuts, tangerines, and gingerbeer,
Veal-pies, and creams, and chocolates
Appear.

They rush at Jim, and bite, and kick,
And howl, and pinch, and snarl, and snap,
And scratch, and bark, and prod, and prick,
And yap,

Then disappear. The bogie stands
Once more complete; awhile it prowls
Round Jim, then with uplifted hands
It howls:

"Perhaps in future you will try
To be less greedy, for, if twice
I come, you ll wish you'd followed my
Advice."

This warning proved Jim's last and first.
He dared not eat, though hard he tried.
At last, from hunger, fear, and thirst,
Jim died.

W. J. ESMOND.

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"Mirry"

The Tale of a Plot Which Had a Surprising Result.

By Charles Battell Loomis.

He was a lecturing philosopher, and his lectures appealed to women more than they did to men. Not that he was effeminate, but that there was something in the clear-cut face, the mobile and shaven lip, and the romantic eye that made for success among womenkind whenever he spoke in public, no matter what he said.

One morning he found in his post a letter from an admirer in Birmingham. It ran as follows:—

My Dear Mr. Stanton,

Would you come down from your proud height long enough to inscribe your name for a little woman in Birmingham, who has heard you speak in London and in Manchester, and who thinks you one of the wisest, kindest of men?

Yours in a flutter of expectancy,

Miriam Cass.

He read the letter through, and then laughingly tossed it over to Mrs. Stanton, who was intent on her own letters.

"That's the kind I find in my audiences," said he. "Shall I answer her?"

Mrs. Stanton read the letter, and flung it from her with a gesture of impatience.

"Idiot!" said she. "Write her an answer on the typewriter and let me sign it."

"No, you write it, and I'll sign it."

"I will," said Mrs. Stanton with determination; and she straightway sat down to her desk and wrote this letter:—

My Dear Miss Cass,

It is words like yours that enable me to continue in my work. We are twin souls, and the next time you are in my audience you must make yourself known to me. I picture you as being small, a brunette, with dreamy eyes and soft, sweet, languorous hair, fragrant as new-mown meadows in the month of June. I will willingly subscribe myself

Your unknown friend,

"Great Caesar's ghost!" said Mr. Stanton when he had read the note. "Do you want me to sign this?"

"I most certainly do. I just want to lead the little ninny on. If she has a mother she'll not let her play outdoors for a week on account of receiving a letter from a stranger."

"Dear, you're spiteful," said her husband smiling.

"No, I'm not," said Mrs. Stanton. "I'd like to lead her on until we go to Birmingham on your next lecturing trip, and then I'd like to meet her face to face, tell her what I think of her, and give her some motherly advice."

"Well, I don't care what you do, and if you dare me to I'll sign this, although you know perfectly well I'd never write such a letter to any woman."

Mr. Stanton found himself kissed.

Then he sat down at his wife's desk, and was about to copy his wife's letter, when a thought came to him, and he said:—

"Here, your hand is masculine. Sign this yourself."

A week later Stanton came into his wife's room with a letter in his hand.

"You've started it," he said. "Read that."

Mrs. Stanton took the letter he handed her, and her face flushed as she read:—

My Dear, Noble Lecturer,

Your letter was like a dream on a bank of violets. You have pictured me as I am, and I half believe that you noticed me at your lectures. I must ask you a fatal question: Are you married? Do not tell me yes, because, although I can love, I cannot love a married man. I wish that we might carry on a platonic friendship, and talk about art and music and letters. Who is your favourite poet? Mine is Byron. As to music, I am of open mind. I like what you like. I am so fond of music that any music's musical to me. When two souls are twins in their thoughts no formal introduction is necessary, and I feel as if I had known you for years and years.

Yours endlessly,

Miriam.

"That settles that," said Stanton, when his wife had finished the letter, and had thrown it in a little wad into the waste-paper basket. "You got more than you were looking for,

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I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself for having made such a letter possible!"

"Gilbert, I didn't think there were such people possible."

"There are six or seven kinds of people," said Stanton, nodding his head with great solemnity, and then he took his letters and went up into his study to work on his new Spring lecture.

Now Mrs. Stanton had in her something of Blue Beard's wife. She "wanted to know," and so when her husband had gone to his work she took the letter out of the waste-paper basket, smoothed it out, and, after reading it through again, she sat down and wrote:—

MY DEAR (may I call you Miriam?)

I have no wife ("nor have I," said Mrs. Stanton to herself), and I cannot tell you the emotions that your letter aroused in me. Why is it that twin souls are so often condemned to live apart? Why is it that I am not to lecture this Spring at Birmingham? But I do expect to be at Manchester on March 3rd, and if you are there do not fail to linger in the corridor—with your mother, if necessary—that I may meet you, and at least grasp the hand that pens such lines to me.

Yes, I love Byron, and I love music, but the sweetest music of all is the music of a woman's voice. Vouchsafe that music to

Yours in the bonds of Platonic friendship,

GILBERT.

"There," said Mrs. Stanton to herself, "if I can get to the point of proposing marriage to the little silly, then when we go to Manchester I'll take pleasure in explaining to her that I am the Gilbert of her dreams."

But Mrs. Stanton said nothing to her husband, wishing to enjoy the fun when they and the romantic Miriam came face to face.

After this she got the letters from the post-office herself, on the plea of needing the exercise.

So it happened that the reply came to her, and was read by her and not shown to him. It ran:—

MY DEAR GILBERT,

Of course, call me Miriam. Why was I named that, if it was not that those who loved me might so call me?

I have bought tickets for mother and myself for your lecture at Manchester, and I wish you to meet her, but after that I will free you from her chaperonage. She is very advanced in her views, and she, like myself, is a great admirer of you. She does not know that I am writing these letters to you, but I am quite sure she would be glad that I had formed pure friendship with such a teacher as you are.

Fly happy hours and speed the day that brings you to Manchester!

The thought that you are not married fills me with rapture. I wonder why? Do not think me unmaidenly, but if this were Leap Year I should warn you to come to Manchester with your heart lined with triple brass. I may, however, make a Leap Year of my own.

Yours sympathetically,

MIRIAM.

"This will have to end it," said Mrs. Stanton. But before the day was over she had sent an answer:—

DEAR MIRIAM,

I could never bear being twitted with the fact that I was proposed to, and I want to say at once that if you are willing I am willing to lengthen little Mirry's name into Mrs. Gilbert Stanton. I would like to settle down and stop lecturing, and talk about Byron, and listen to the music of your voice from morning until night. Why flit from city to city, when I can settle down in Birmingham and be at rest? Will you be mine? You will have a chance to answer me in person, for in ten days I lecture at Manchester.

Yours for ever,

GILLY.

"If she can stand that butter," said Mrs. Stanton, "I wonder what sort of a girl she is. I wouldn't miss seeing her for worlds. And when I've seen her and explained things I'll read her a moral lecture that will beat any that Gilbert ever read!"

It so happened that Mrs. Stanton was confined to her house by a cold a few days after she had sent this last letter, and that is why Gilbert, who had been to the post-office for the last delivery, said:—

"What's the meaning of this, Laura?"

"This" was letter number seven, and it ran:—

DEAR GILLY,

Will meet you in the corridor after the Manchester lecture.

"Flit on, ye hours; flit, ye hours, flit,
And bear me to my lecturer and wit.

Yours,

MIRRY.

P.S.—I'm in an awful hurry, or I'd write more. But next Tuesday we can talk and talk and talk. Ah, me!

"Why," said Mrs. Stanton, after her husband had read her the letter in a tone of mingled amusement and displeasure, "to tell the truth, I wrote again to that little idiot in Birmingham, and she expects to meet you after the lecture at Manchester. Now you must carry out my plan and meet her and tell her how silly she's been, and afterwards I'll show you all her letters."

"I hope you haven't gone too far," said Gilbert scowling.

"Not so far as I would have liked to! I'd like to have gone there each time and told her what I thought of her!"

"You'll be having me up for breach of

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"Come round to our house for supper, and we'll plan out a complete letter-writer. *I am 'Mirry'!*"

promise!" said Gilbert. "It's very dangerous, fooling with strangers!"

"Nothing dangerous about that little silly!"

* * * * *

Time flitted on, as "Mirry" had wanted it to, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanton stepped from the train at Manchester, and went to their hotel the afternoon of the day he was to lecture at the theatre. There was a pretty, romantic-looking young woman on the platform, who seemed to be looking for someone, but Mr. Stanton did not see her. Mrs. Stanton did, and made a wry face all to herself.

"Is she as pretty as that?" said she to herself, and then out loud: "I don't think she's pretty."

"Who?" said Gilbert, as they crowded up to make room for another in the 'bus.

"That girl that was on the platform."

"Didn't see her," said Gilbert, who was beginning to feel nervous over his lecture.

His nervousness passed away when he had faced his audience, and that night it was a big one—fully fifteen hundred. His wife sat well towards the front, and about six seats behind her sat the young woman who had been on the platform. Stanton noticed her, and wondered if it were "Mirry." On one side of her sat a matronly-looking woman who might be her mother, and on the other side a big, bluff fellow, who looked enough like her to be her brother.

The lecture was a success. The title was, "The Ascendency of the Moral over the Intellectual"; and he handled his subject well.

After it was all over he joined Mrs.

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Stanton, and the two walked down the aisle to the corridor, where two or three were waiting to see him. Among them was the one he thought was "Mirry." But her mother had gone. She was with her brother, and as the two came up to the lecturer and his wife, the man said in a hearty, full tone of voice :—

"I want to thank you as a benefactor of the human race."

Now this was a little out of the usual line of compliment that Mr. Stanton was in the habit of receiving. His lectures were called "uplifting," "mystical," and "intellectual," but he had never been called a benefactor before, and the remark of the bluff, honest man, evidently not a habitual lecture-goer, pleased him so, that he forgot all about "Mirry," and bowing when the man introduced the woman as his wife they walked on towards the street.

Having introduced the two to Mrs. Stanton, he said :—

"Isn't benefactor a name rather undeserved by me? Now, your humorist is a real benefactor. Men like Mark Twain do more real good——"

"But it is as a humorist you have benefited me and my wife."

Mr. Stanton then realised for the first time that the little woman by the big, bluff man was his wife, and not his sister, as he had supposed. He looked at her with a somewhat smug smile, and said :—

"You must have seen humour where none was intended. I never knowingly wrote a joke in my life."

At this the other man broke into a roar of laughter.

"Why, my dear man," said he, "my wife and I have screamed with laughter over your stuff. As a letter-writer you have Charles Lamb gasping for breath and Horace Walpole done to a turn!"

A light burst on the lecturer. He turned to the little woman with a whimsical smile :

"So you're Mirry?" said he.

She laughed a silvery laugh that denoted acquaintance with "Mirry," although what she said was :—

"No, indeed, I am not!"

Both Stanton and his wife were nonplussed, and looked somewhat sheepish.

"But," continued the little woman, "you needn't deny that you are 'Gilly'?"

It was now Stanton's triumph.

"But I do deny it. Mrs. Stanton is the one who has been furnishing amusement to you, although if you are not 'Mirry' I fail to see how you received the letters!" There was a touch of severity in the lecturer's voice.

The big, bluff fellow before him made a side step, slanted his head, looked through the tops of his eyelashes in ballet-girl fashion, and in a deep bass voice he said :—

"Come round to our house for supper, and we'll plan out a complete letter-writer. *I am 'Mirry'!*"

Life's a Chess-Board.

A lowly groom, forsooth, was he,
And she a maiden of degree,
A damsel standing on a height,
The daughter of a full-blown

Yet did he dare to raise his eyes
To her, which need not cause surprise;
The proverb bade his fears take wing:
"A cat may gaze upon a

She caught his glances, and she smiled,
This simple and romantic child.
She listened to his suit—I ween.
He called her "Pet," and "Sweet," and

"Elope at once with me!" he cried.
"What of the license, love?" she sighed.
"That shall not lack," quoth he, with scorn,
"While I've a silver watch to

Just at this point—ah, well-a-day!—
Her father chanced to step that way,
Who promptly kicked his startled vassal,
With ignominy, from the

* * * * *

They met no more, unlucky pair!
He emigrated in despair;
She, yielding to her parents wish op-
Pressive, was married to a

FELIX LEIGH.

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TOWEL·EXERCISES

A Simple and Agreeable Course of Physical Culture Which will Keep the Children Bright and Healthy.

By Margaret H. Hallam.

"I never heard of such a senseless idea in my life," I can imagine an irate nurse saying, "as to let a child stand about with next to nothing on doing exercises. It will catch its death of cold, poor darling." This is quite an erroneous supposition. The more light and air a child can get on to its little bare body the healthier it is likely to be.

It is necessary, of course, in this variable climate of ours to use a good deal of that commendable quality known as common sense, and it is of no use to let a child who has always been muffled up to the ears and kept in over-heated rooms suddenly begin to take light and air baths, and to go in for towel exercises; the reform must be begun by degrees.

I will surmise that every night the little one has a hot bath, so in the morning all that will be necessary is a quick sponge with cold water, and by cold water I do not mean an icy plunge, but water of the same temperature as it would be in summer.

The child's feet should be in hot water during the process, which should not last more than two minutes, at the outside, and should be completed by a brisk rub down with a Turkish towel.

Holding a towel firmly in its hands the child should "saw" the leg up and down

Then let it stretch its hands above the head, and, bending forward, keeping the knees rigid, try to touch the ground.

When the little one is practically dry and glowing all over, she may be permitted to complete the drying process by raising her legs alternately, placing them on a chair, and holding a bath towel firmly in each hand, "saw" them up and down.

Then should follow a few simple exercises. Now, exercises, to do any good at all, must be done thoroughly and with keen enjoyment. The very idea of having to go through a set of movements daily is enough to bring a pout to small faces, and cause the muscles to be moved listlessly and very ineffectually.

Anything that bores a bairn does more harm than good. The great thing, therefore, is to make all health-giving occupations as full of interest as possible. For this reason a bath towel is called into requisition, and a good deal of fun as well as exercise can be got out of very simple manipulations.

Roll a towel lengthwise, tell the child to grasp it tightly in either hand, and hold it over the head; next let it bend forward, keeping the knees perfectly rigid, and try if possible to touch the floor, then up again.

This movement has the most excellent effect on the muscles of the back, and benefits all the child's digestive organs, and may be repeated six times. The exercise may be varied by bringing the towel back-

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ward several times in succession.

An arm movement may next be attempted. Let the child stand with the towel across its shoulders, the hands resting on the chest. The arms must be thrown outwards and backwards rapidly half-a-dozen times, taking care that they remain in a line with the shoulders the whole while. Next they may be shot upwards and brought smartly down to the sides again, also six times.

These movements not only develop all the muscles of the arms, but widen the chest, flatten the back, accelerate the breathing, and quicken the circulation immensely. The child's chest measurement will be found to increase several inches in a comparatively short time if this movement is done daily, and a well-developed chest and straight back keep a child marvellously free from coughs and colds and petty ailments to which all children are more or less liable.

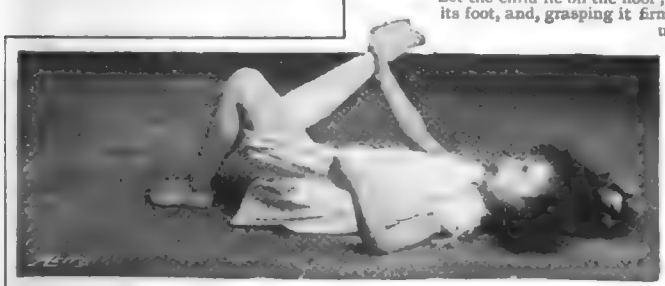
Shapely legs are a possession that we want all our bairns to have. To attain these the child should do the exercises which are best performed when lying on the floor. The towel, folded as before, is placed under the sole of the right foot, the child grasping it firmly on either side just above the knee; the leg is then pulled up and down by means of the towel half-a-dozen times; repeat the process with the other leg.

The arms should be thrown outwards and backwards rapidly.

The muscles of the thigh may be strengthened by passing the towel under both knees, drawing up the legs as far as they will go, and shooting them out again. These leg exercises must be done smoothly and without jerking, especially with small boys. They not only improve the shape of the small limbs, and add to their strength, but they tighten up and strengthen the abdominal muscles, and have a "tonicking" effect on the internal organs, and should render disagreeable doses a thing of the past.

No child can be thoroughly healthy who has weak ankles and flat feet. The ever-useful towel may be called in to counteract any tendency that may be shown in this direction. Put the little one in a fairly high seat; place the towel under the sole of the foot and tell the child to pull her foot up and press it down again without moving the leg.

Let the child lie on the floor; then it should place the towel under its foot, and, grasping it firmly just above the knee, pull the leg up and down.



To strengthen the muscles of the thigh, the towel should be passed under the knees, then the legs should be drawn up as far as possible, and shot out again.

By way of variety, the child may now stand upon its little feet again, and, grasping the towel in both hands, hold it across the small of its back. First of all the right hand should be stretched upwards, then the left. The towel must now be drawn to and fro across the

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To prevent weak ankles and flat feet the foot should be pressed hard against the towel.

Dressing should be accomplished as quickly as possible, and a light, wholesome breakfast should be the next item. There is nothing like beginning the day with a saucer of porridge, eaten with brown sugar and plenty of milk or cream. The repast may be completed by a ripe apple or orange, and a slice of brown bread and butter if the child is still hungry. Breakfast finished, a run and a romp in the open air are the next best possible things, or, should the day be wet, skipping or battledore and shuttlecock may take the place of outdoor pursuits in a *well-aired* nursery.

The game over, the little one will usually be found quite ready for a drink of milk and a rest in a darkened room for an hour, unless she is old enough for a few simple lessons, in which case these should be given, followed by another run outdoors to blow away the cobwebs, then a simple dinner and rest.

The children's day, if started in the way described, should run very smoothly, for a bright, healthy child seldom sulks or shows temper, these usually meaning that the little one is below par.

Of course, healthy children are often troublesome, but their peccadilloes are usually the result of overflowing health and spirits, and take a very different form from the whines of an ailing baby.

All sickness is unnatural, and even if a child be born delicate, a nursery run on purely hygienic lines (not necessarily faddist) will prevent constant ailments.

Drawing the towel diagonally across the back exercises the muscles of the shoulders, back, and arms.

back in a diagonal line in order to exercise the muscles of the shoulders, back, and arms.

Don't forget before the child begins the exercise to encourage her to take half-a-dozen long, deep breaths with the mouth tightly closed meanwhile. If the little one simply cannot breathe through its nose, it shows that there is probably some obstruction; it is usually, however, merely a matter of habit.

In order to test whether there is anything wrong with either throat or nose, tell the child to shut her mouth quite tightly and close one nostril with her forefinger. She should take three long breaths through the other side; then close the other nostril and repeat. Notice particularly whether the little one breathes equally well with both sides.

These play-exercises may be concluded with a towel tug-of-war, which the child is encouraged to pull against mother or nurse; or there is no reason why the father should not exert his strength against the small son or daughter. The child by this time should be thoroughly blithe and bright.

A tug-of-war as a finish to the exercises will be much enjoyed by the little one.

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CAP AND BELLS

APTLY NAMED.

ETHEL: "That Mrs. Gossip has a motor car tongue."

GRACE: "A what?"

ETHEL: "One that's always running people down."

* * *

TOOK NO RISKS.

WHITESIDE: "Why do you always put 'dictated' at the top of your letters? I see you have no shorthand writer."

FOURBRIEFS: "Well, I'm rather a poor speller, you know."

* * *

KEEPING THE SCORE.

MRS. HONEYMOON (to husband in railway carriage): "Do you love me?"

OLD PARTY (confidentially, from other seat, to bridegroom): "She's asked you forty-seven times already. I get out here, but I leave the score with the gentleman by the window."

* * * * *

WILLIE'S ANSWER.

MRS. STRICT: "Willie!"

WILLIE: "Yes, mother."

MRS. STRICT: "This jar is half empty. What did you take it for?"

WILLIE: "I took it for jam, mamma; what was it?"

* * * * *

MUSTN'T MISS THE CHANCE.

ASKEW: "Quite a clever girl, isn't she?"

SAPHEAD: "Clever? Why, she has brains enough for two!"

ASKEW: "Marry her, old fellow! Marry her as quickly as you can!"

IT WORKED.

***Customer:* "Waiter, I notice that the waiters in this establishment are forbidden to receive gratuities."**

***Waiter (solemnly):* "Sir, ever since my earliest childhood I have been noted for disobedience. I broke my mother's heart through it. I——. Thank you, sir."**

WOULD DISSOLVE ANYTHING.

"Will alcohol dissolve sugar?"

"It will," replied Toper. "It will dissolve gold, and houses, and horses, and happiness, and love, and everything else worth having."

* * * * *

HE HAD TO MOVE.

CHARLIE: "There, dad, now you can give me that bob you promised me. I've been moved from the bottom of the form."

FATHER: "That's right, my boy; here's the shilling I promised you. How did you manage to get on so well?"

CHARLIE: "The bottom bench is being painted."

* * *

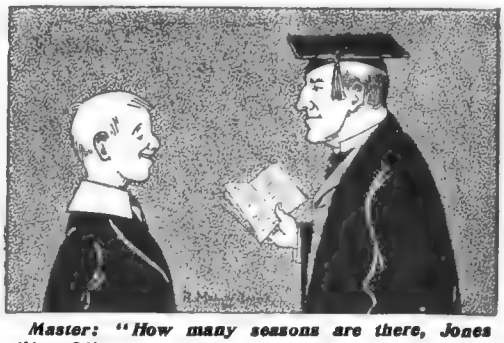
AFTER THE BATTLE.

FIRST TROOPER: "By Jove! You should have seen that fellow Higgins in the cavalry charge today! Regular dare-devil, that man is. Never saw anyone in my life charge in such an utterly reckless style as he did."

SECOND TROOPER: "That's easy enough to account for."

FIRST TROOPER: "How's that?"

SECOND TROOPER: "He used to be a plumber before he joined the cavalry."



***Master:* "How many seasons are there, Jones Minor?"**

***Jones Minor:* "Two, sir."**

***Master:* "How do you make that out?"**

***Jones Minor:* "Cricket and football, sir!"**

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STRONG EVIDENCE.

"Young man, what right have you to kiss my daughter on such short acquaintance?"

"What proof, sir, have you that I have done any such thing?"

"No positive proof, young man, but that hairpin in your moustache is strong circumstantial evidence."

* * * *

A RIDDLE.

What is that which is given,
Yet taken as well,
Which makes life a heaven,
Yet sometimes a hell?
Come, lovers; come, sweethearts,
The answer is this:
A sweet little,
Fleet little,
Neat little
Kiss!

* * * *

A BAD BREAK.

KLUMSEY: "It always worries me to go into a china shop. I'm always afraid of breaking something."

JOKELEY: "I, also. I went into one the other day to buy a wedding present and broke something worth five pounds."

KLUMSEY: "How terrible! What was it?"

JOKELEY: "A five pound note."

"This is a forget-me-not," remarked Jawkins, as he looked at the string on his finger, and wondered why his wife had tied it there.

FEARFUL POVERTY.

HE: "Yes, he's an artist, a musician, and a poet."

SHE: "Poor fellow. I had no idea poverty had such a hold on him."

* * * *

IN THE GLASS.

She looked in the glass—
('Tis a pitiful tale!)—
The lovely, young lass,
And her sweet face was pale.
Her gaze became strained
In the morning's cold light;
She seemed as if chained
To some sickening sight.
Long moments looked she,
While she softly made moan.
Ah! what did she see
As she lingered alone?
Enough to make those
Who are bravest recoil—
A horrible dose
(Ugh!) of cod-liver oil!

J. J. B.

* * * *

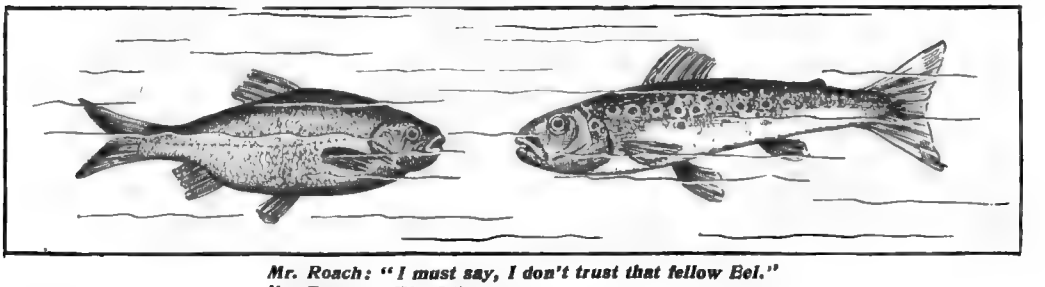
OUT FOR A RIDE.

MRS. HOUSEKEEP: "I haven't seen you for several days."

TIRED TIM: "No; I've been takin' a ride with a lady."

MRS. HOUSEKEEP: "Indeed, what was her name?"

TIRED TIM: "Black Maria, mum."



Mr. Roach: "I must say, I don't trust that fellow Bel."
Mr. Trout: "Why?"
Mr. Roach: "Oh, he's a great deal too slippery for me."

A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT.

A stock of crockery was sold at auction, and when Mrs. Wilson returned from the sale her face was radiant with joy.

"You must join the Cremation Society," were the first words she said to her husband.

"What on earth for?" exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

"Why," replied his loving spouse, "I've bought such a lovely vase to hold your ashes. You can't think how it will set off the mantelpiece!"

Miss Oldgold: "Before I give you my answer, Count, tell me one thing. When my freshness of youth is gone, and the hand of time has dimmed whatever beauty I possessed, when advancing years cause my cheeks to fade and my charms to vanish—tell me, Count, will you love me then?"
The Count: "I do."

A DEEP-LAID PLOT.

GEORGE: "Who is that beautiful girl over there?"

AMELIA: "Why, George, that's a mirror—it's me!"

GEORGE: "————?"

AMELIA (blushing): "Yes, George."

* *

NOT TO BE RECOMMENDED.

FREDDY: "She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do?"

BERTIE: "See a little more of the world, old chap!"

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FLATLAND—IN THE NURSERY.

Young Hopeful, just learning geography: "Oh, Auntie, we've dug through to the other side of the world and we've found a live man there!" (Nice for the occupant of the flat below, eh?)

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THE SECRET SORROW.

The eve was gentle, calm, and still,
The world seem'd ignorant of ill,
And life danced like a sparkling rill,
Yet one was sad.

One cloudlet dimmed the sunny gleam,
One moat was floating in the beam;
He was not—what he strove to seem—
Serene or glad.

And must it ever, then, be so?
Must that same spectral haunting woe
Stand by us still—as if to show
His challenged power?

Is it the old, sad tale to tell—
The tale, alas! earth knows too well—
That woe is doomed a guest to dwell,
Joy but an hour?

"What, dearest, doth thine heart annoy?
What"—thus she asked him—"dims thy joy?
Tell thy beloved."

No, 'tis not for his bosom's ache,
His head replies, with solemn shake;
Only in symbol thus he spoke,
His lips ne'er moved.

He would not tell his hidden pain,
Though asked and fondly asked again;
Yet lines upon his face remain
That sorrow traces.

Some woes there are too deep for speech,
Some ills defy the craftiest leech;
His was a pang she could not reach—
He'd burst his braces.

"I want a hair cut," said the middle-aged man, as he dropped into the barber's chair.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "Which one?"

THE AUDIENCE WAS ENTHUSIASTIC.

He was an ambitious young speaker, and he had called upon his best girl.

She had suggested that she was his audience for the evening.

"Yes," he remarked (for the fancy pleased him), "I am content that it be so. I hope the audience will not be cold and unresponsive. I like to have the kind of audience that is all wrapped up in the speaker and that in the end will be completely carried away with me!"

And he suited the action to the word, thereby smothering her murmurs to the effect that it was "so sudden."

* * * * *

RATHER A DIFFERENCE.

CLERK: "I believe you said, sir, that after the first of the month you would raise my salary."

EMPLOYER: "You are mistaken. What I said was that after that date you would be worth more to us."

* * * * *

AS SOLOMON MIGHT HAVE SAID.

The game isn't worth the—scandal.

A stitch in time saves—embarrassment.

Be slow to anger—but hit hard and hit first if you have to.

Actions speak louder than words—but look out for the echo.

A man is known by the company he keeps—especially a theatrical manager.

A little girl, four years old, walking in the country and seeing a lot of black cows and a few white ones grazing in a field, remarked:

"Papa, don't those white cows give milk and the black ones tea?"

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UNDER A BAN.

No one loved him—not a soul!
Brows would knit when he drew near,
Teeth would gnash, and eyes would roll,
Cheeks would pale with hate and fear.
Even mild, good-tempered folk,
With abhorrence of him spoke.

Little children, when he passed,
Called him names as they dispersed.
So the feeling grew. At last
He was like a man accursed—
Like a Cain who wandered free,
Yet enringed by enmity.

Wicked? Of repulsive mien?
You are wrong, if that's your guess.
Better chap was never seen,
Or to sin one given less;
As for his appearance, that
Was just normal—fair and fat.

Yet his fellows, it appeared,
Would have joyed to see him die,
Though his course he always steered
Very circumspectly. Why?
He, beneath an evil star,
Drove a high-power motor-car!

FELIX LEIGH.

* * * * *

LOST HIS GOOD NAME.

BIGGS: "Why, old man, you look as though you had lost your best friend. What's wrong?"

DIGGS: "I fear my good name is for ever lost."

BIGGS: "Your good name! What do you mean?"

DIGGS: "Just what I said. It was on the handle of a 30s. umbrella."

* * * * *

NOT WHAT THEY SEEMED.

"Instead of being a millionaire," continued the young man at the seaside hotel to the beautiful heiress, "I think that it is only honest, now that we are engaged, for me to tell you that I am the shop-walker at Catchem & Skinem's emporium."

"I thought there was something familiar about you," answered the beautiful heiress. "I am in the ribbon department there."

* * * * *

A NARROW ESCAPE.

HARRIS: "They tell me you have had a very narrow escape from death."

SPURR: "Yes; they were going to operate upon me for appendicitis, but they discovered in time that I hadn't the money to pay for it."

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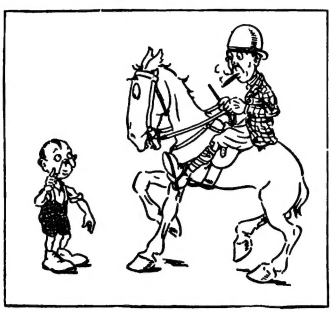
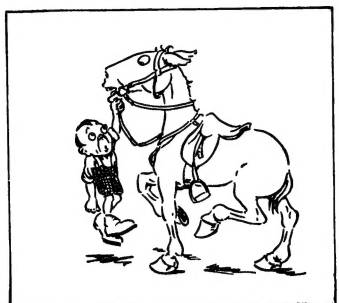
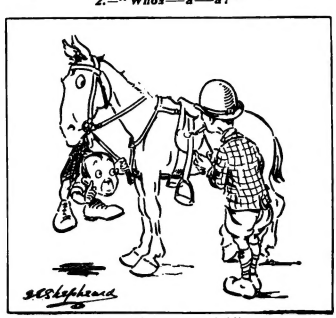


1.—"Hold your horse, sir?"



2.—"Whoa—a—a!"

3.—"Na—then!"



4.—"Here he is, sir!"

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A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Wot be all them milk tins doin' there, Alice?"
"That's a cow's-nest, silly."

It is for children such as these—who know nothing of the country and the country's delights, who actually think that cows have nests, and who really do not know where milk comes from—that the FRESH AIR FUND was instituted. Every summer the F.A.F. takes poor children from London and our other big cities for a day's outing in the country, thus enabling them to glean some small impression of the glories and mysteries of Nature. The cost is only Ninepence per child. In thirteen years the F.A.F. has been the means of giving a million and a quarter children a day's holiday with plenty to eat. Nothing is deducted for management expenses from the receipts.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Sec. F.A.F., 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in *Pearson's Weekly*.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

A RECORD TO BE BROKEN.

LAST year the Fresh Air Fund — that delightful charity which sends slum children for a whole day into the country—beat all records. Actually 175,950 of the poorest children from all the big cities of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales spent a-never-to-be-forgotten day in that wonderful country of which many were ignorant save the name.

This year it is hoped to create another record in numbers. When it is remembered that the cost of a whole day's outing for one child—including two substantial meals—is only ninepence, I feel sure that the readers of THE ROYAL will do everything they can to insure the breaking of all previous records.

The Fresh Air Fund can be recommended as being the cheapest charity in existence; there are no expenses of management, all these being defrayed by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. and the Ragged School Union. Every penny subscribed pays for outings for the children.

Amounts should be sent to the Hon. Sec., Fresh Air Fund, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and they will be acknowledged in *Pearson's Weekly*.

Remember that nine pennies mean a whole day's happiness—and perhaps the only treat in the year—to one child. Send as many pennies or pounds as you can, please.

"YESSIR!"

Here's an adventure I had lately in Paris. I went there to see a survivor of the battle of Gettysburg (his story, by the way, appears in the next number of THE ROYAL), and thinking to kill two birds with one stone, looked about for a survivor of the battle of Sedan. He had to be a man who could speak English well, as my French is, I regret to say, a negligible quantity.

Well, after diligent search, some friends of mine told me they had laid hold of the very man—the *concierge* of some swagger flats just off the Champs Elysées. They fixed up an appointment, and at about six o'clock the veteran arrived at my hotel—a gallant-looking old Frenchman, minus an arm which he had left on the great battlefield. I gave him a rattling good dinner and a bottle of champagne all to himself. But even before the dinner was over I began to have my doubts as to the success of the enterprise. He was talkative enough, but as yet his talk was all in his native tongue. However, I said to myself, he's shy, and doesn't like to air his English before so many people.

After dinner we retired to the smoking-room. Coffee, liqueurs, and cigars were produced, and I told him to fire away, and tell me all his thrilling adventures at Sedan.

Well, he fired away with a vengeance! For two solid hours he shouted and gesticulated and stumped about the room. But not a single English sentence could I get out of him. Time and again I brought him to pause. "Do say that in English," I implored. "Yessir," he replied, and started again on his wild career—in French—pure, unadulterated French, and spoken with a rapidity which few of his compatriots could have equalled. It was all to no purpose. The gallant veteran's English was a still more negligible quantity than my French. In fact, it consisted merely of "Yessir."

Finally I hunted up an interpreter, and together we extracted some striking details of the great battle. Twice the new man broke into fits of laughter, and went near to offending the old Frenchman. But finally all parties were satisfied; I got my story; the veteran his dinner; the interpreter his joke.

PEARSON'S SIXPENNY MUSIC.

I expect that you all know of the big prize of £100 that Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. offered for a song. Well, the winner is Mr. George W. Byng, the musical director of the Alhambra Theatre. Mr. Byng's song is called "Try to Forget," and the words are by J. Anthony McDonald. If you are fond of music you should buy a copy of "Try to Forget." It is printed in two keys, so as to suit all voices, and is published in that very

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popular series, *Pearson's Sixpenny Music*. You can get "Try to Forget" at all railway bookstalls for sixpence net, or sent to you post free for seven stamps from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A NEW SERIES OF STORIES.

In the next number of THE ROYAL appears the first of a new series of stories by Victor Lorenzo Whitechurch. The "Old Man in the Corner" has bidden you adieu after a long and highly successful innings. Enter Thorpe Hazell, the railway expert, whose adventures are as thrilling and ingenious as I have read for many a long day.

Every story is connected with railway life, of which Mr. Whitechurch has made a close study.

Photo *H. T. Reed*

REV. VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH, Author of the new series of stories which starts next month.

Professionally, Mr. Whitechurch has nothing to do with railways. He is the Vicar of Blewbury, an old-world village at the foot of the Berkshire Downs. His church is a magnificent building — quite a miniature cathedral in its way.

"I have been writing fiction," he says, "for the magazines for some ten years, having published a large number of stories and articles in that period. I began with railway fiction. The first idea I ever had for a railway story came to me one day when I was standing on Euston platform watching the loading of a post-office van. It resulted in 'Stopping an Execution,' my first story, which was about a man being picked up by the mail-bag apparatus.

"My curacy at Harlesden was strongly mixed with railway work, Willesden Junction being in the parish, and a special mission church for railway folk being in my charge. Here I collected a number of details and ideas that have served me well in fiction.

"For some years I wrote much for the *Railway Magazine*, contributing many special articles, and travelling on our railways a good deal to get them.

"Very often the so-called 'railway story' is an impossibility, the details and technicalities of the working of a line rendering it so. My special aim has been to be always 'correct' with technicalities.

"I once published a story in *Pearson's Magazine*, the leading fact of which was questioned as an impossibility. A week after the story was out the exact thing happened on one of our railways!"

The design on the backs of THE ROYAL Playing Cards.

"THE ROYAL MAGAZINE" PLAYING CARDS.

I suppose most of you like a quiet little game of cards occasionally—patience, solo whist, nap, or that weird modern epidemic, bridge. I confess to having caught the latter in a slight degree, and don't at all dislike a bridge evening with a few choice friends.

And now I am looking forward to a run of good luck, as I shall henceforth play, whenever I can, with my own playing cards. Having said so much, I had better tell you about them, lest you should imagine that the above sentence is somewhat ambiguous, and that the cards contain trap-doors, or something of the kind. The pack is in every way a normal one, with this difference, that the cover design, which was once so popular with all ROYAL readers, the Heraldic Lion, embellishes the back of every card, and "Mr. X's" faithful and charming portrait (as you see it every month at the head of his pages) appears most appropriately on the joker.

"Mr. X" tells me that he intends to give away these cards as prizes for solutions of his puzzles.

But, happily, I have not allowed him to secure all of them, and anyone who wishes to become the possessor of a pack, without the labour of solving one of "Mr. X's" conundrums, has only got to forward me 1s. 6d., and I will send him the pack post free by return.

The price for two packs, with different coloured backs if desired, is 2s. 9d., post free.

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